A POWER COMIC

DARE-DEVIL IS COMING — SEE INSIDE!

SMASH!

No. 75
8th JULY 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

THE BATPUTER TELLS BATMAN THAT A CROOK CALLED "THE COLLECTOR" HAS STOLEN COMEDIAN JACK BENNY'S STRADIVARIUS FIDDLE..

"THE COLLECTOR" IS A SCOUNDREL OF *IMPECCABLE TASTE* WHO STEALS ONLY *ART OBJECTS* OF *IMMENSE VALUE!*

YOU KNOW WHERE THIS CROOK--"THE COLLECTOR"--*LIVES??*

OF *COURSE!*

IT'S PART OF OUR *JOB*, MR. BENNY!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL CHIEF O'HARA AND HAVE HIM *PINCHED?*

HOLY TETRAZZINI! ARE YOU *CHICKEN* OR SOMETHING?

FLORIST

THE WAY THINGS *LOOK*, WE SHOULD WRAP UP THE CASE IN ABOUT $2,000 WORTH!*

I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE A SLIGHT *DELAY!*

* JACK IS PAYING BATMAN 1,000 DOLLARS AN HOUR TO RECOVER THE FIDDLE!

I WANT BATMAN'S AUTYGRAFT!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO STOP AND SIGN AUTO-GRAPHS ON *MY* TIME??

IT'S PART OF OUR *DUTY* TO OUR *YOUNG FRIENDS!*

THE *BATPUTER* HAS PUT BATMAN ON THE TRAIL OF THE "COLLECTOR", THE THIEF WHO STOLE MY STRADIVARIUS--

AND HE GETS TRACKED BY AN AUTO-GRAPH HOUND!

SIDE-

THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE BOY!

I GOT *NEWS* FOR YOU, BATMAN! I AIN'T *REALLY* A LITTLE BOY--

TURN THE PAGE, FANS!

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--I'M A HENCHMAN OF "THE COLLECTOR" --AND WE'RE HERE TO **TEACH YOU A LESSON!**

SUDDENLY, THUGS SEEM TO COME AT THE **PEERLESS PAIR** FROM EVERY DIRECTION!

I NEVER **DID** LIKE "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY!"

SOCK!

BAM

POW!

AT $1,000 AN **HOUR**, THIS HURTS **ME** WORSE THAN IT DOES **THEM!**

--SO I'D BETTER **PROTECT MY INVESTMENT!**

BONK!

THAT'S THE **LAST** OF THEM, CHUM! LET'S GO!

CRUNCH!

GOSH, MR. BENNY, YOU WERE **GREAT!**

IT WAS **NOTHING**, ROBIN, **REALLY!**

YOU MEAN THIS CROOK--"THE COLLECTOR" --LIVES **HERE** IN THE **FINANCIAL DISTRICT!**

IN A PENT-HOUSE ATOP THE **GOTHAM HOLDING COMPANY BUILDING** WHICH HE **OWNS.**

BUT IT'S LOCKED UP FOR THE **NIGHT!** HOW DO WE GET **IN?**

BY WAY OF THE **ALLEY**-- WITH A **GUN!**

A G-G-GUN? THEY TOLD ME YOU NEVER **USE** A GUN, BATMAN!

THAT'S THE GUN THAT'S GOING TO GET US INTO "THE COLLECTOR'S" PENTHOUSE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BENNY! THE **BAT MORTAR!**

IT SHOOTS A **BAT HOOK** AND A **BAT LINE** TO THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING!

SILENTLY--BY COMPRESSED **AIR!**

MY $100,000 STRADIVARIUS IS AT STAKE--AND **THEY** PLAY WITH **AIR RIFLES!**

WHOOSH!

LOOK **OUT**, MR. BENNY! THE **BAT HOOK** MISSED THE **ROOF!**

MORE BAT-THRILLS NEXT WEEK.

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Percy's Pets

ROTTEN OLD PERCY- HE'S WEARING STRING VESTS NOW! THERE JUST ISN'T THE EATING IN THEM!

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS WE *MOTHS* MADE THE HOLES!

GRRR! IT'S ALL PERCY'S MUM'S FAULT! I THINK I'LL GET THE MOB TOGETHER AND TEACH HER A LESSON!

CHARGE!

HELP! IT'S PERCY'S MOTHS! THEY'RE ATTACKING ME!

MUNCH! CHOMP! CHOMP! MUNCH!

STOP IT, YOU CLOTS! CUT IT OUT!

GRRR! PERCY'S SENTENCED US TO THREE DAYS IN THE GLASSHOUSE!

AND IT'S A GOOD JOB I CAUGHT YOU IN TIME, OR IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THIRTY DAYS!

HEY! WHO'S THIS? HE ISN'T ONE OF US! HE'S NOT A MOTH!

ER, NO - I'M WILLIE WOODWORM! I MADE MYSELF A PAIR OF WINGS BECAUSE I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO FLY - AND PERCY CAUGHT ME, TOO!

YEOW! WILLIE WOODWORM! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF HERE, LADS!

AND SO...

CHEW! CHOMP!

ALMOST DONE, KIDS!

YAHOO! WE'RE FREE! GOOD OLD WILLIE!

IT'S GREAT FUN BEING A MOTH! I LOVE FLYING!

AAGH! NO! IT'S PERCY AGAIN! I'VE BEEN CLOBBERED!

SPLAT!

I ESCAPED BEFORE PERCY PUT ME IN THAT THING AGAIN — AND NOW *NO MORE FLYING FOR ME!* YOU DON'T GET CLOBBERED WITH BLINKING FLY SWATTERS WHEN YOU'RE A PLAIN WOODWORM! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

ANOTHER JAIL-BREAK FOILED!

ZOOM!

BURBLE!

TWEET!

TWEET!

BACK IN THE GLASSHOUSE...

NEVER MIND - WILLIE WILL SOON GET US OUT AGAIN!

WHERE IS HE? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM!

AAGH! TRAITOR!

WILLIE KNOWS WHICH SIDE HIS BREAD IS BUTTERED ON! HO! HO!

BAD PENNY

AMMO

ONE PENNY 1967

LET'S SEE WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY PIGGY BANK!

I'LL JUST OPEN IT UP—

SMASH!

A FLIPPIN' PENNY! I CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN WIV' THAT!

WHO SAID YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN WITH A PENNY? — I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

FAB BALLOONS 1d. EACH

PUFF!

I ALWAYS WANTED MY PORTRAIT PAINTED— TEE, HEE!

NOW BE A NICE, QUIET BABY — I WON'T BE A MOMENT!

HULK

HULK

EEEK!

HEH! HEH! THAT WAS A SCREAM! HO! HO!

I'LL BLOW IT UP EVEN BIGGER AN' HAVE MORE FUN!

HELP! IT'S SO BIG I CAN'T HOLD THE END TO TIE IT UP!

WHOOSH!

BANK

COPPERS

ZOOM!

BLAM!

LOOK AT ALL THOSE COPPERS AFTER PENNY! HA!HA!

GURR!

PING! PING! PING!

OOOH!

OUCH!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HAS it ever struck you that, in a manner of speaking, our team of super-heroes is like a real family? Each goes his separate way—but at some time or other they're bound to meet up! For example, in Terrific, The Avengers meet that "POW"-based old web-head Spider-Man. Doctor Strange, star of perhaps the way-outest of all comic tales, runs slap-bang into Loki, who as you know is not a very nice guy, but is the brother of Mighty THOR! Even millionaire industrialist Anthony Stark (that's right . . . IRON MAN) pitches in and helps Nick Fury of Shield when the going gets specially rough!

See what we mean? Just like one big happy family. And up here in the garret, we like to think the same thing, the same relationship exists between you and us! A big, close nationwide family with one important thing in common . . . our taste in lively literature! That's why we like to call ourselves The Brotherhood of Power!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Denise Kiss, Barking, Essex; Martyn Smith, Parkstone, Dorset; Stephen Davey, Burnham-on-Sea; David Jones, Wallasey, Cheshire; Alan Neve, Hebburn-on-Tyne, Co. Durham; Sandra Smith, Hullbridge, Essex; Nicholas Dean, Loughborough, Leics; Stanley Edwards, Southall, Middx.; Christopher Jones, Grangetown, Cardiff; Ewan Ritchie, Harlow, Essex; Keith White, Orpington, Kent; Stephen Thomas, Falmouth, Cornwall; Anthony Silman, Doncaster, Yorks; Clifford Ponting, Swindon, Wilts; Jane Cogswell, Glastonbury, Somerset; Anthony Wood, Tamworth, Staffs; Thomas Gould, Liverpool, Lancs; Alan Casey, Neasden, London N.W.2; David Pratt, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; John Tyson, Deeside, Flint.

BIG NEWS for snappy dressers—especially those who are THOR fans (and who isn't?). We've given you HULK T-shirts! We've given you Spider-Man and dear old clobberin' Ben Grimm T-shirts. Now we're offering you T-shirts complete with stupendous, full-colour portraits of THE GREAT THUNDER GOD himself! How do you get these "geary" garments that ANY Power-fan would be PROUD to wear? Just by writing into us with a letter interesting enough for us to print in FANTASTIC. Tell us what you like . . . or even, ha ha, what you DISLIKE . . . about FANTASTIC! If we can publish it you've got yourself a Mighty Thor T-shirt! Simple as that!

* * *

Not content with our fabulous Thor T-shirt offer! Not even content with providing you with the very best weekly comic reading matter . . . here's something else to prove to you what GENEROUS fellers we are.

We've dreamed up a great idea for a BIG PRIZE competition! Just for you! *Exclusive* for Power-fans! A chance in a million for pop-addicts! You'll find all the details on another page. Go to it, you frantic ones! And the best of luck!

MEET... Mister Knowall! *

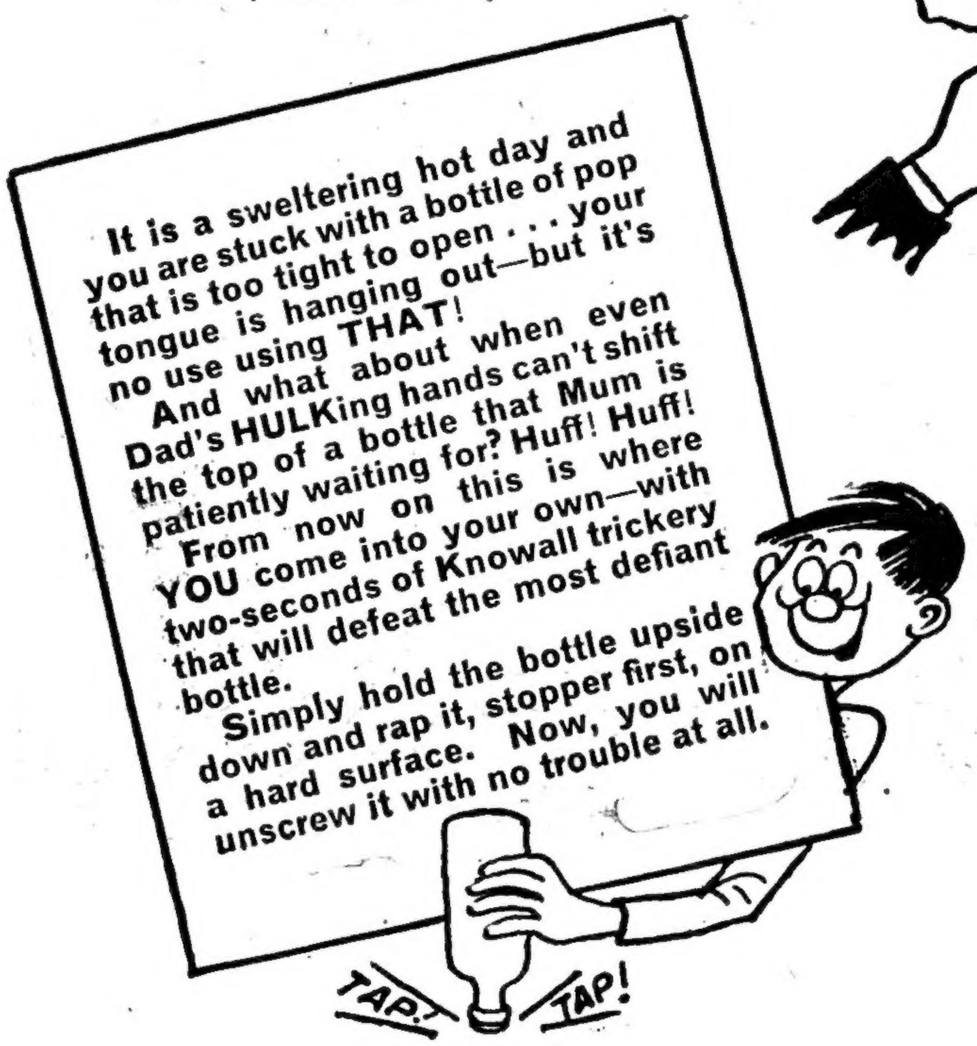
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

It is a sweltering hot day and you are stuck with a bottle of pop that is too tight to open . . . your tongue is hanging out—but it's no use using THAT!

And what about when even Dad's HULKing hands can't shift the top of a bottle that Mum is patiently waiting for? Huff! Huff!

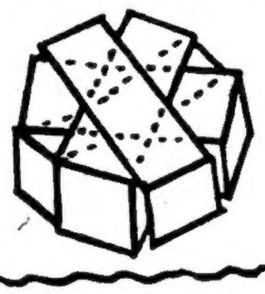
From now on this is where YOU come into your own—with two-seconds of Knowall trickery that will defeat the most defiant bottle.

Simply hold the bottle upside down and rap it, stopper first, on a hard surface. Now, you will unscrew it with no trouble at all.



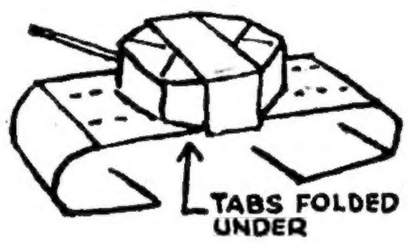
MODEL TANKS

1. First remove the inner tray from the cover of an empty cigarette ten-pack, then cut the cover into four pieces across its width. . . .



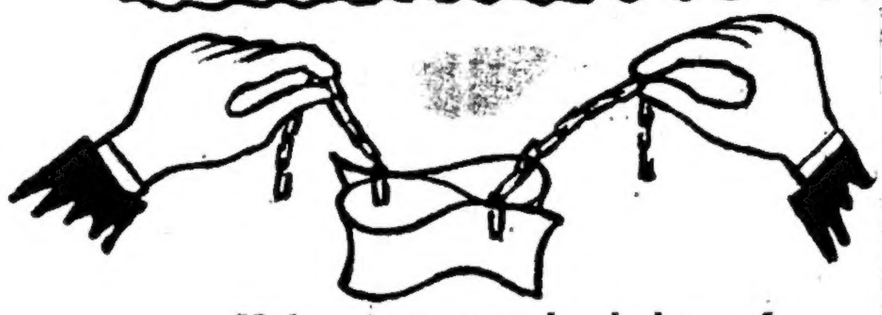
2. Now slot the four pieces together as the drawing shows. This is the turret.

3. Fold in the tabs of the inner tray and slip it through the bottom slot of the turret. . . .



4. Folding the ends like this to form the tracks, stick a match-stick in the turret for a gun. . . .

And in less than a minute you've made a realistic tank.



Make two equal chains of paper clips by slotting one clip into another.

Now, handing your mates a strip of paper about eight inches long by four inches wide, ask them to join the two chains together. USING JUST THE STRIP OF PAPER.

Here is how it is done . . .

Fold the paper strip so that it is an 'S' shape—just as my drawing shows and fasten the paper clips to the top-edge.

Now, if you pull the ends of the paper strip—and the faster you do this the better—the chains will fly off and join themselves.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN ROME, THE LATEST ATTEMPT BY EVIL DOCTOR GLOOM TO DESTROY RUBBERMAN WITH A MACHINE CAPABLE OF CHANGING THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF HIS BODY HAS FAILED. AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE GAVE CHASE TO OTTO, GLOOM'S RUTHLESS ASSISTANT...

WITHIN MINUTES OF BEING FREED FROM THE BEAM OF THE MOLECULAR RAY...

WHAT... WHAT *IS* IT? IT... IT *CAN'T* BE... A *MAN!*

I'VE LOST *CONTROL!* WITH EVERY SECOND MY BODY *STRETCHES* EVEN MORE! *AND I CAN'T STOP IT!*

THEN, REMEMBER?

BOIIING!

AAAHH!

THE DRIVER'S CRASHED RIGHT INTO... INTO *WHATEVER* IT IS!

!

SECONDS LATER, OTTO'S EYES GLEAMED WITH TRIUMPH...

HE'S GONE! THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF HIM! HE... *IT* HAS JUST VANISHED!

HE MUST HAVE DISINTEGRATED! I MUST TELL THE DOCTOR... AT LAST HE IS RID OF RUBBERMAN, *FOREVER!*

BUT, UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE HURTLING CAR, RUBBERMAN HAS *CONTRACTED*...

I'VE BOUNCED BACK TO THE SAME STREET IN WHICH PROFESSOR LEPPO HAS HIS LABORATORY!

PAINFULLY HE BEGINS TO CRAWL...

AS I AM NOW I CANNOT EVEN *WALK!* BUT... I MUST GET BACK TO *THE MACHINE!*

PROFESSOR LEPPO... SAID THE MACHINE... MIGHT WORK ON ME... THAT IT MIGHT HELP ME TO BECOME A NORMAL *HUMAN-BEING* AGAIN... PROVIDED THE POWER WAS NOT SWITCHED ON TO MAXIMUM.

A CLEANER SEES A SIGHT SHE WILL *NEVER FORGET*...

I... I MUST RISK IT! ANYTHING - EVEN *DEATH* IS PREFERABLE TO REMAINING LIKE *THIS!*

AAHHH!

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, HE DRAGS HIMSELF TO THE LABORATORY...

I MUST TRY IT AGAIN... I *MUST!*

AS HE PULLS THE LEVER...

AAAHHH! THE RAY! IT'S BURNING RIGHT INTO ME!

THE HEAT SEARS THROUGH ME— *BUT IT IS WORKING!* I *MUST* ENDURE IT JUST A LITTLE LONGER!

THEN, ONCE AGAIN, HE STRETCHES OUT TO GRAB THE LEVER...

I AM BACK TO MY PREVIOUS SHAPE AGAIN! NO LONGER A *NIGHTMARE* OBJECT! AT LEAST I HAVE ACHIEVED *THAT!*

UP THERE... IT WAS UP THERE! A *MONSTER*, I TELL YOU!

DID YOU SEE ANYTHING, SIGNOR? BUT I DOUBT IT. I THINK SHE HAS BEEN DREAMING, NO?

AS RUBBERMAN REACHES THE NOW-CROWDED STREET...

WHAT EXACTLY *WAS* IT SHE SAID SHE SAW?

WAYNE MARTIN!

WAYNE! WAYNE MARTIN! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!

IT'S NO GOOD! HE CAN'T HEAR ME WITH ALL THAT NOISE!

SUDDENLY HE SEES ANOTHER FAMILIAR FACE...

RUBBERMAN IS DEAD! NOW ONLY THAT MEDDLING REPORTER KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT DOCTOR GLOOM— SO *HE* MUST DIE TOO!

OTTO!... AND HE'S GOING TO TAKE A SHOT AT WAYNE!

BUT...

I'LL *STRETCH* MY ARM AND GRAB HIS GUN BEFORE...

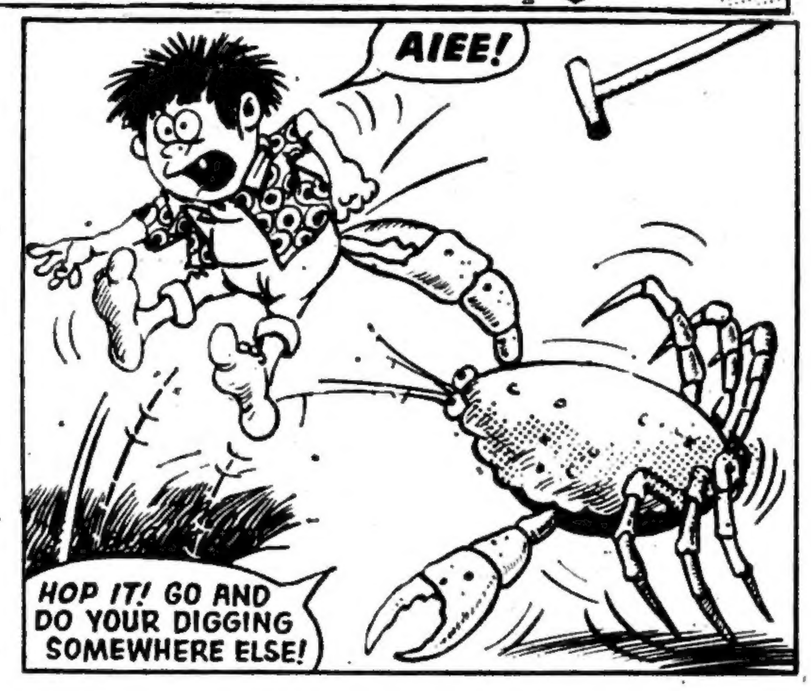
MY ARM— IT REMAINS THE SAME! I CAN NO LONGER STRETCH IT!

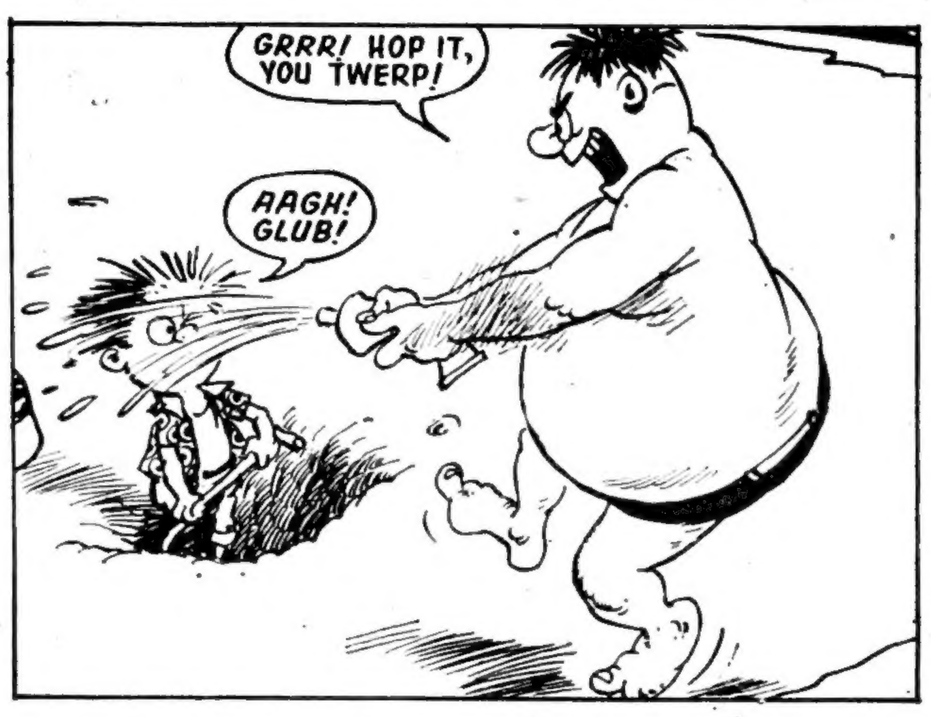
THE MOLECULAR RAY... IT'S MADE ME A *HUMAN BEING* AGAIN! BUT *AT THE COST OF MY FRIEND'S LIFE!*

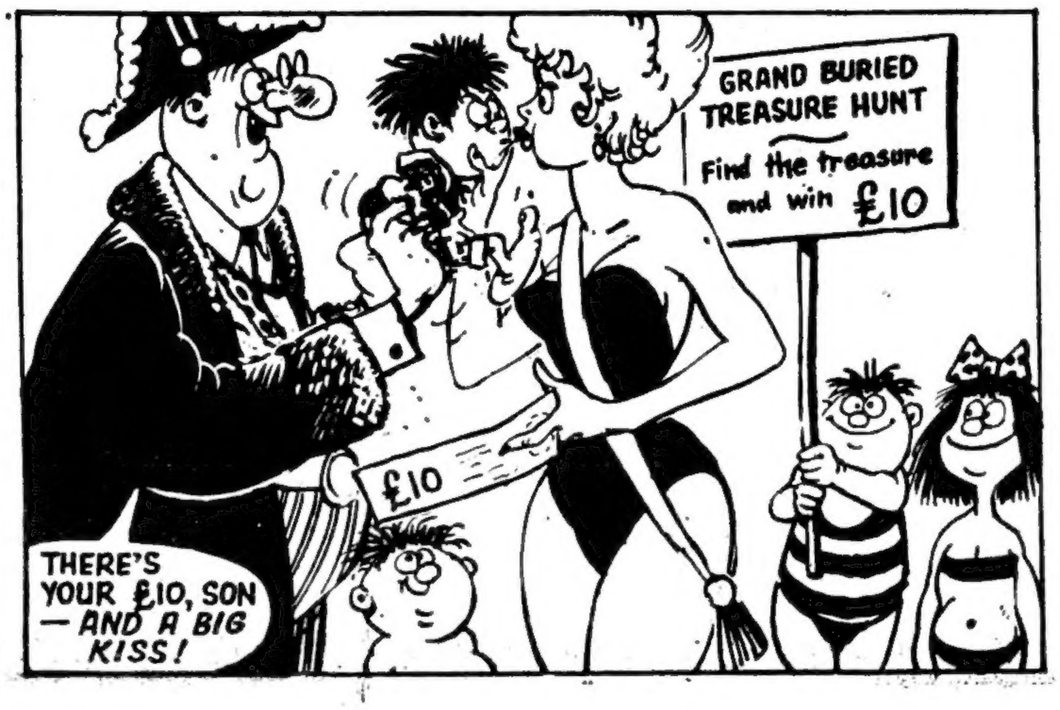
AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE, INDEED! CAN RUBBERMAN AVERT THE TRAGEDY THAT UNFOLDS ITSELF BEFORE HIS HELPLESS EYES, OR...? SEE NEXT WEEK!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH







AND SO...
AAGH! I'M RICHER THAN EVER— AND IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF YOU TWO! I'D NEVER HAVE FOUND IT IF YOU'D LET ME DIG WHERE I HAD STARTED!
HELP! HELP!
I'M HEADING FOR DEEP WATER!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am writing to you to tell you how I love your comic SMASH. I think that the crazy looks on some of your characters should go down in comic history as some of the funniest faces ever. Why don't you give the artist another pound wages? He deserves it. As I was reading SMASH No. 66 I noticed that Janet Taylor wrote "Super Heroes are never bumped off." This is quite wrong. In one of the 'Legion of Super Heroes' mags—Triplicate Girl had to change her name to Duo Damsel. One of her bodies was killed when she was fighting a robot. Earlier in the same letter, J. Taylor put some comments in like terrible, rubbishy, trash, ghastly and horrible. If this is true, editors of the Brand X comics ought to make paper chains out of the paper instead of wasting it on comics. I don't see why you took 'Queen of the Seas' out of this comic, for this was one of your best feature strips and always made me laugh.

P.S. I don't know why she said these comics were not worth their money for I have found great enjoyment from SMASH and POW.

P. Knowlson,
Portsmouth, Hants.

● *Thanks for the letter—but our artist didn't want an extra pound, so we're sending it to you instead! Incidentally, on the point of super-heroes never getting 'bumped off', you might have mentioned Captain America's side-kick, Bucky.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When reading Ish 64 of SMASH, I saw that in The Swots and The Blots it had on the wall a notice reading: "Vacancies for boys at St. Dominics". Signed, *Lulu*. Well, will you please tell Lulu I'm a-coming. I think POW is SMASH, WHAM is TERRIFIC and they are all FANTASTIC. Give my love to Lulu.

Adrian Woollaston, 10,
St. Albans, Herts.

● *Dear Adrian, why don't you write to WHAM and be a guest of The Tiddlers? It's a lot safer!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
SMASH is better than a tonic,
It is absolutely supersonic.
When I go to get my SMASH,
I'm always ready with the cash.
If I miss it I go and sulk,
Because the best bit is the Hulk.
Percy's Pets are very good,
But I like Batman with his hood.
I thought this might be slightly better,
Than writing you a funny letter.

Alan Johnson,
Erith, Kent.

● *So did we...and so we've sent,*
A pound to your address in Kent.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I complain about SMASH 65. Why did the incredible Hulk only have one and a half pages? At one time you used to give us eight pages of him—what has happened???? I still think SMASH is the best comic of all the Power Mags.

Billy Rawlins,
Churchtown, Glos.

● *Have you seen the movie-length Hulk epic this week?*

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is: .....

The feature I don't like is: .....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FREE! 10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sport-shift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and light-weight Endrick rims.

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC - SMASH - WHAM - POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next eight weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

Cut around the broken line

FREE ENTRY FORM—POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors	
Barron Knights	
Cat Stevens	
Cliff Richard	
Dusty Springfield	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Ken Dodd	
Lulu	
Mammas and Poppas	
Manfred Mann	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Petula Clark	
Sandie Shaw	
Seekers	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Val Doonican	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... **NAME** .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....

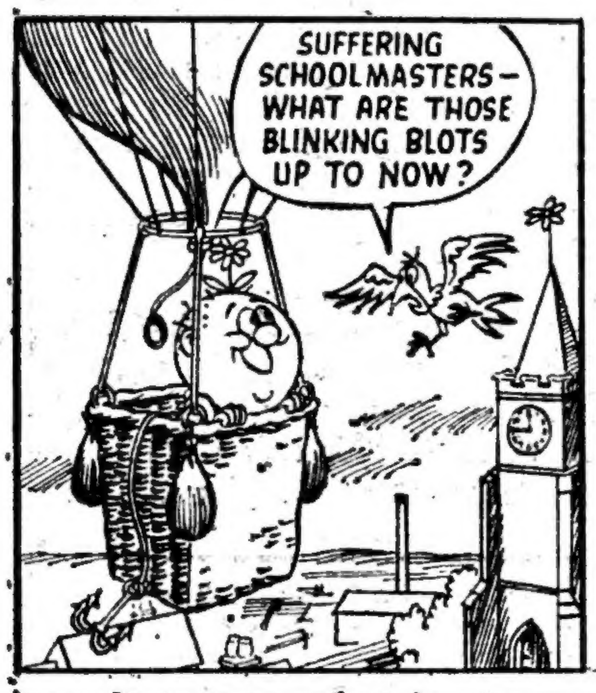
(Block letters)

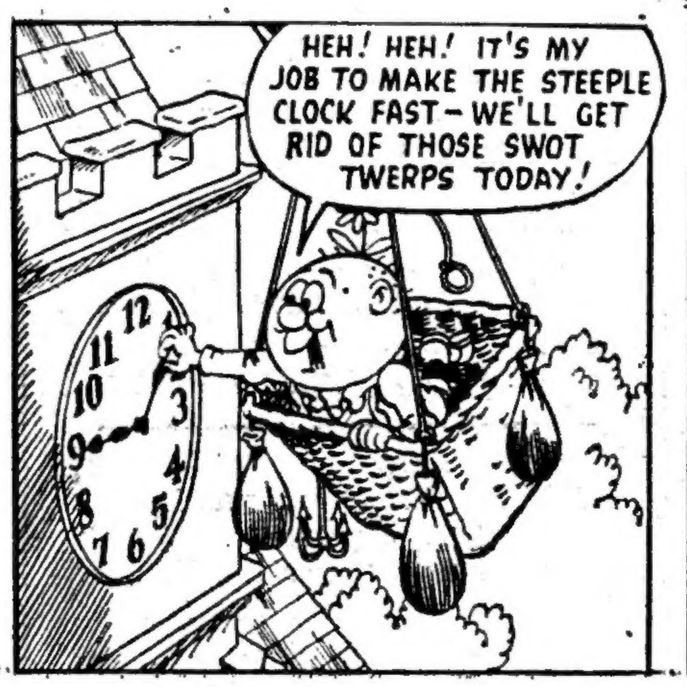
.....

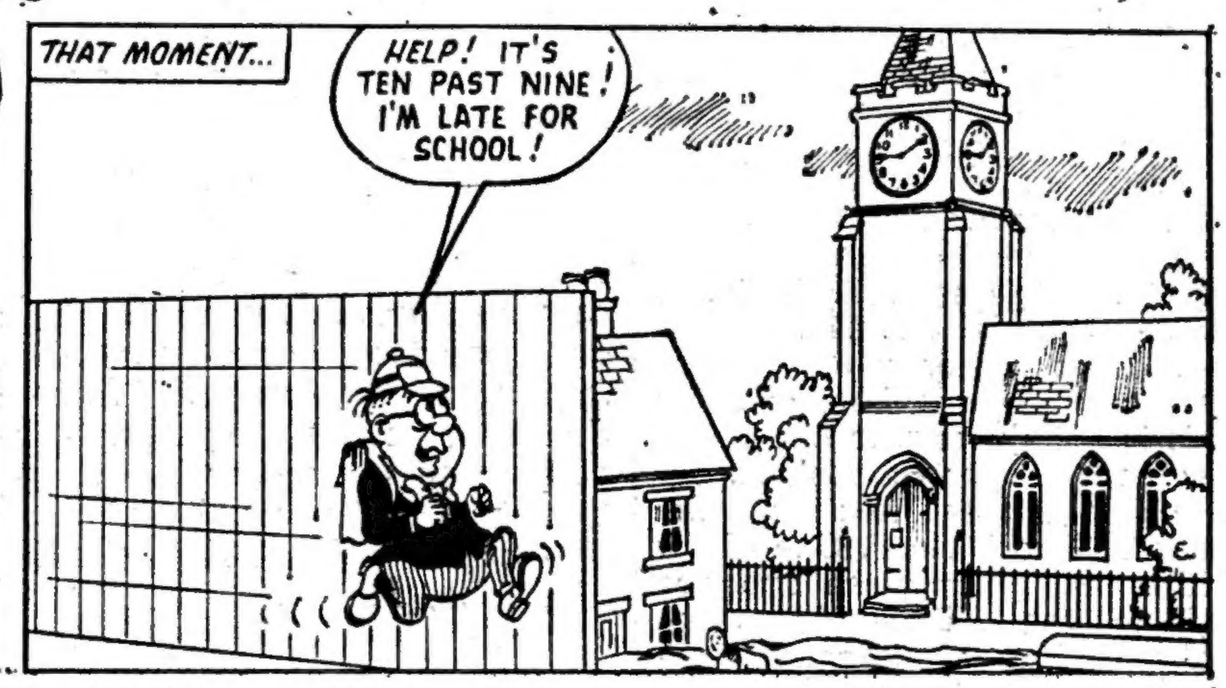
.....

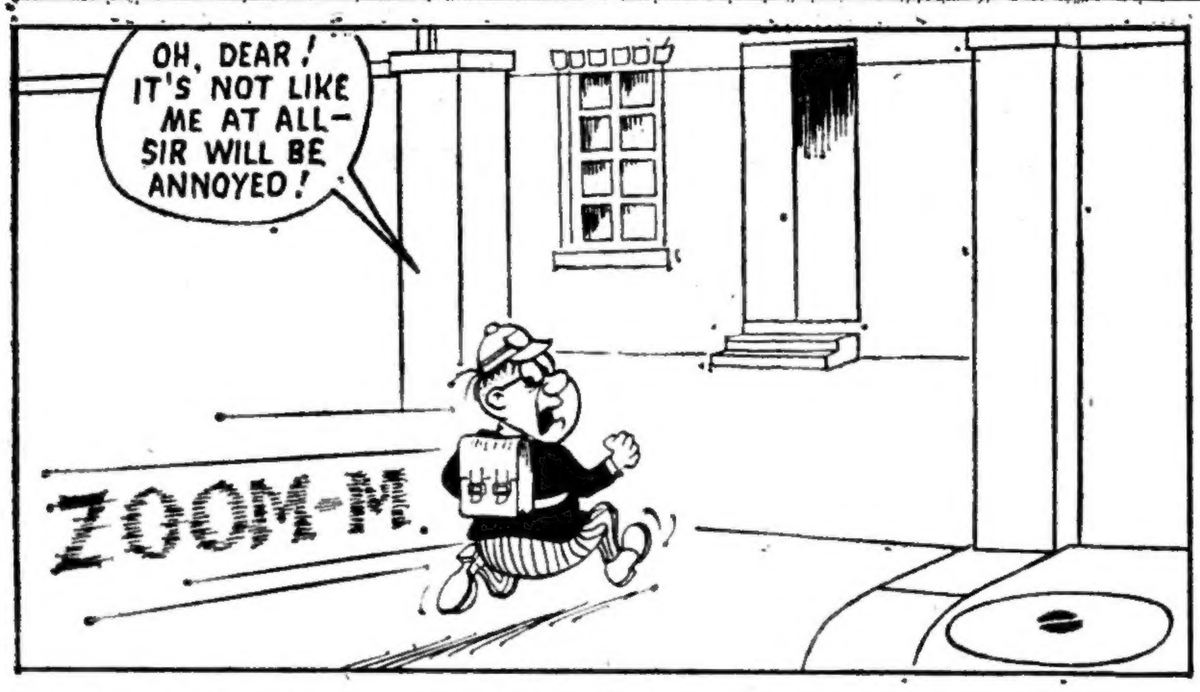
Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. **6.7.67**

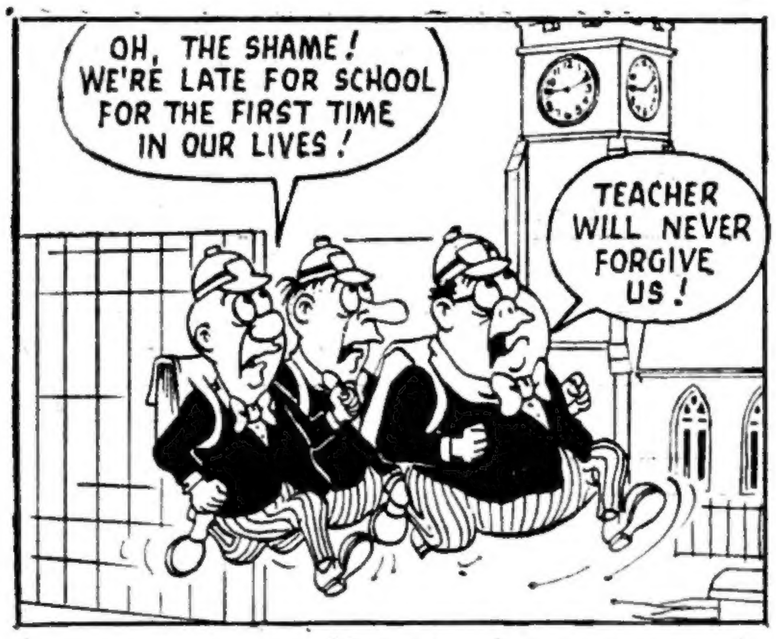
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

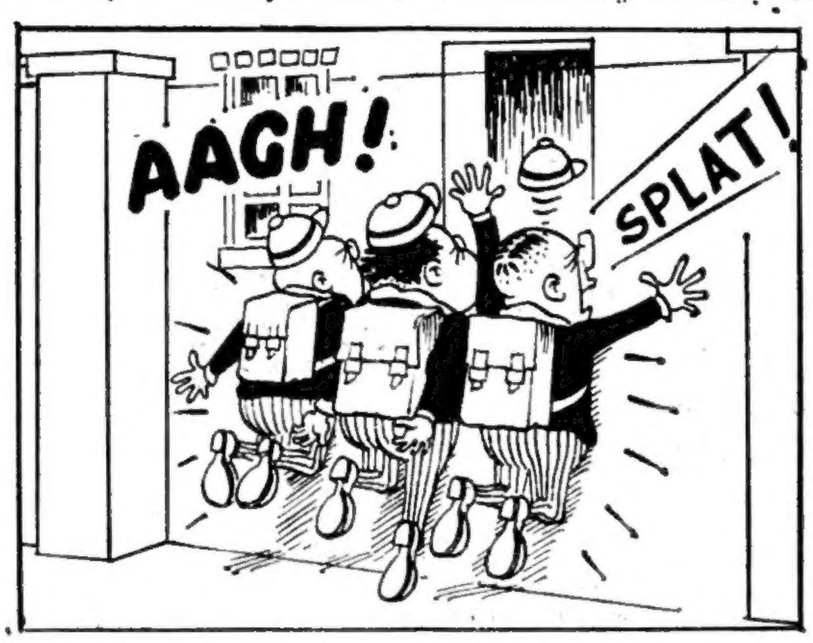




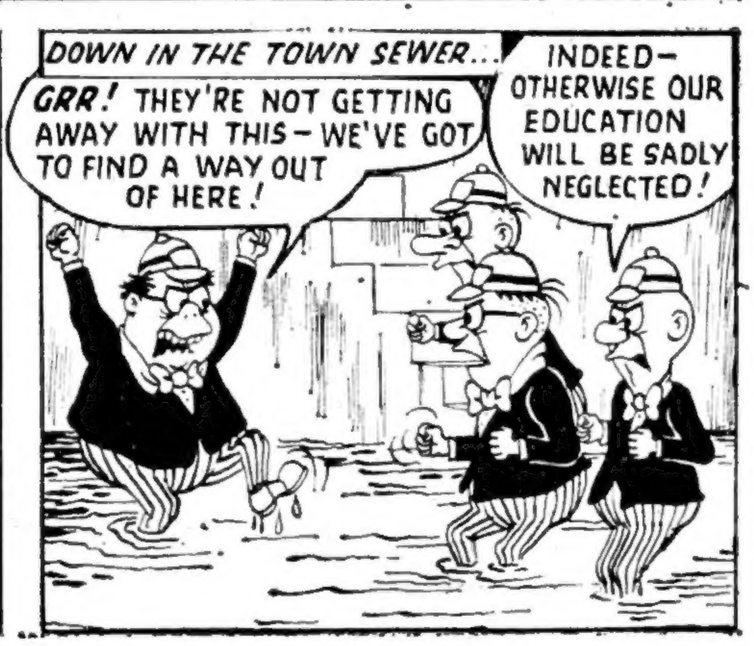








PUSH!
OOH! WE'LL HAVE TEACHER ALL TO OURSELVES!
NO NASTY SWOTS TO POKE IN THEIR NASTY LITTLE NOSES! HEH! HEH!
I SEE IT ALL! THE CUNNING DEVILS PAINTED THE SCHOOL DOOR ON THE CLOSED GATES!


DOWN IN THE TOWN SEWER...
GRR! THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS – WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE!
INDEED – OTHERWISE OUR EDUCATION WILL BE SADLY NEGLECTED!

AAGH! THE LITTLE MONSTERS HAVE PUT SOMETHING HEAVY ON THE MANHOLE COVER - IT WON'T MOVE!

1 CWT

PHEW! GASP! THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY DOWN THERE! NEVER FEAR, P.C. TWITT IS HERE!

CWT

OH, BOY! OUR LUCK IS IN, CHAPS - WE CAN CHARGE IT WITH THIS!

CHARGE!

THIS WILL SHIFT IT!

PHEW! GOT IT OFF AT LAST! I'M NOT AS FIT AS I USED TO BE!

CWT

CLONK!!

1 CWT

OH, DEAR! I THINK WE'VE BOOBED, CHAPS!

GRR! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S DOWN THERE - BUT, BY JINGO, THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!

HELP! WE CAN EXPLAIN, CONSTABLE - IT WASN'T OUR FAULT!

IT WAS THOSE NASTY BLOTS! HOO! HOO! HOO!

IT WASN'T THEM WHO CRACKED ME UNDER THE CHIN! GRR! GRR!

POLICE STATION

POLICE

ASSAULTING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!

GOSH! LOOK WHERE THE SWOTS ARE...

BOO! HOO! ROTTEN, NASTY, HORRIBLE BLOTS - WE GOT SEVEN DAYS!

WHATEVER WILL MUMMY SAY? BOO! HOO! HOO!

WATER

BACK AT SCHOOL...

WH-WHAT? SEVEN DAYS!!?? I-I-DON'T BELIEVE IT!

YAHOO! NO SWOTS FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

AND WE ONLY MEANT TO GET RID OF THEM FOR ONE DAY! YAHOO!

CHEERS!

RIP!

IF THEY KEEP THIS UP - THE SWOTS WILL GROW OLD WITHOUT AN EDUCATION!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"LESS THAN MONSTER, MORE THAN MAN!"

CAPTURED BY THE ASTOUNDING POWER OF *BOOMERANG*, BETTY ROSS IS RESCUED FROM HIM BY THE STRONGEST MORTAL TO TREAD THE FACE OF THE EARTH! BUT, AS SHE GAZES UP AT THE PONDEROUS, GREEN-SKINNED FIGURE BEFORE HER, SHE WONDERS...

HAVE I BEEN SAVED FROM THE BRUTAL *BOOMERANG*...ONLY TO FACE A FAR MORE *DESPERATE* DANGER... AT THE HANDS OF... THE *HULK*?

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

HE'S TURNING... FACING ME!

THE WAY HE'S STARING...WITH THOSE COLD, UNBLINKING EYES... WHAT.. WHAT IS HE *THINKING*?

I MUSTN'T PANIC... MUSTN'T SCREAM.. IT MIGHT MAKE HIM RUN *AMOK!*

HE TURNED *AWAY* FROM ME! BUT, WHAT..?

HE MUST BE GOING *BERSERK!* HE'S TEARING AT THE HILLSIDE... WITH HIS *BARE HANDS*... LIKE SOME MONSTROUS LIVING *BULLDOZER!*

HE'S ACTUALLY MAKING A *HOLE* IN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF... SINGLE-HANDED!! HE'S DIGGING OUT A *CAVE!*

NOW HE'S COMING *TOWARDS* ME-- HE--HE'S *LIFTING ME*... CARRYING ME INTO THE CAVE...

IT'S *FANTASTIC!* HE DID IT TO MAKE ME MORE *COMFORTABLE*.. TO GET ME OUT OF THE *RAIN!*

BUT, IF YOU REALLY *DON'T* MEAN ME ANY HARM...IF YOU *DO* WANT TO HELP ME.. PLEASE.. TAKE ME TO MY FATHER!

TAKE YOU... TO FATHER!

NO! HE'S *GENERAL!* *HATES* HULK! TRIED TO *KILL* HULK!!

HE'S *RIGHT!* DAD HAS NEVER GIVEN HIM A CHANCE!

SLOWLY, HESITATINGLY, THE PUZZLED GIRL APPROACHES THE MASSIVE FIGURE BEFORE HER---HER EYES BURNING INTO HIS--- PROBING DESPERATELY FOR SOME SIGN OF EMOTION --- SOME HINT OF FEELING---OF RECOGNITION---

EVEN THOUGH IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE--- SOMETIMES I ALMOST FEEL THAT YOU REALLY *ARE*... BRUCE BANNER!

BUT, WHAT COULD HAVE *CHANGED* YOU?? WHAT COULD HAVE TRANSFORMED YOU INTO---THE *HULK*??

HE SEEMS TO BE STRUGGLING *WITHIN* HIMSELF---GROPING FOR THE WORDS--- STRIVING TO CLEAR HIS CLOUDED THOUGHTS--!

IF THE MAN I LOVE REALLY *IS* BEHIND THAT GROTESQUE FACE--DOES THIS MEAN THAT I'VE *LOST* HIM---FOREVER?

BUT, WHAT OF THE BOMBASTIC *BOOMERANG?* HAVING SURRENDERED BETTY TO THE INCREDIBLE *HULK*, WE NOW FIND HIM RIDING OUT THE STORM WITHIN A *SECRET EMPIRE* HELICOPTER---

YOU *FAILED* US, BOOMERANG...FOR THE FIRST TIME! YOU LET THE GIRL *ESCAPE* FROM YOU!

ESCAPE? THE *HULK* GOT HER AWAY FROM ME! *NOBODY* CAN STOP *HIM!*

THE *SECRET EMPIRE* IS NOT IMPRESSED WITH CAREFULLY FRAMED *EXCUSES!* YOU BUNGLED THE JOB, BOOMERANG!

LOOK, YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THE *GIRL!* IT'S HER FATHER'S *ORION MISSILE* YOU'RE AFTER... RIGHT?

WELL, THERE'S *STILL* A CHANCE OF ME GETTING IT!

NUMBER ONE WILL NOT BE IMPRESSED BY *PROMISES!* NOBODY GETS A SECOND CHANCE!

MAYBE, BUT DON'T *FORGET* YOURSELF, MISTER! I'M NOT NOBODY---I'M THE *BOOMERANG!*

I'M NOT AFRAID OF *YOU*--- OR *NUMBER ONE*--- OR--

HOLD IT! LISTEN TO THE RADIO..!

BULLETIN! ONE OF THE LARGEST TASK FORCES IN THE SOUTHWESTERN AREA HAS JUST BEEN MARSHALLED BY *GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS*... FOR THE PURPOSE OF TRACKING DOWN THE MARAUDING *HULK*, WHO HAS CAPTURED THE GENERAL'S *DAUGHTER*, BETTY...

THIS MEANS THE BALL GAME ISN'T *OVER* YET!

BOOMERANG DOESN'T MAKE A *HABIT* OF FAILING!

WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO?*

I'M GOIN' AFTER THE *MISSILE*. AGAIN--AS PLANNED!

THEN, BEFORE THE HOODED MEN IN THE WHIRLYBIRD CAN UTTER ANOTHER SOUND, OR MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...

IF THUNDERBOLT ROSS HAS TAKEN THE MAIN FORCE ON A HUNT FOR THE *HULK*, IT MAKES *MY* JOB EASIER THAN EVER!

IT MEANS THAT HE'LL ONLY HAVE A *SKELETON CREW* GUARDING THE *ORION MISSILE*--- AND THAT GIVES ME THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR!

THWIK!

THE COMPACT *GUIDANCE SYSTEM*, BUILT INTO MY COSTUME'S CHEST DEVICE, WILL ZERO ME IN ON MY DESTINATION WITHIN *MINUTES!*

I THOUGHT I COULD GET THE MISSILE BY MAKING A *HOSTAGE* OF THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER---BUT *THIS* WAY WILL BE FAR SIMPLER!

NO MERE *SKELETON FORCE* CAN HOPE TO STAND UP TO THE POWER OF *BOOMERANG!*

AND, WHAT OF THUNDERBOLT ROSS'S HARD-HITTING *TASK FORCE?* LET'S CATCH UP WITH IT AS IT SPEEDS ACROSS THE GREAT DESERT, HEADING FOR THE AREA WHERE THE *HULK* HAS LAST BEEN SIGHTED---

HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME *THIS* TIME! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH *MUSCLE* NOW TO WIPE A *HUNDRED* HULKS OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP!

WE'LL *FIND* HIM THIS TIME! WE'LL COMB EVERY *INCH* OF THIS GROUND...WE WON'T LEAVE A GRAIN OF SAND UNTOUCHED---IF TAKES A *LIFETIME*---*I'LL FIND HIM!*

THEN, NOT LONG AFTERWARDS ---

ATTENTION, ALL UNITS! WE'VE REACHED *AREA A!*

TARGET *H* MAY BE *ANYWHERE* IN THIS AREA! DESPATCH SEARCHING PARTIES AND AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS!

STRONG AS HE IS, I WOULDN'T WANNA BE IN THE *HULK'S* SHOES NOW!

NOT WITH *THUNDERBOLT ROSS* OUT TO GET HIM!

BUT, THE MIGHTY MUSCLED POWERHOUSE KNOWS NOTHING OF THE *ARMOURED* TASK FORCE... AND, IF HE *DID*, IT'S DOUBTFUL THAT HE'D CARE...!

RAIN STOP! HUNGRY! BUILD FIRE...GET FOOD!

IT'S STRANGE! I FIND I'M NOT *AFRAID* OF HIM ANY LONGER!

AS POWERFUL, AND AS UNPREDICTABLE AS HE IS...I CAN'T HELP FEELING HE'S *NOT* TRULY EVIL!

WHEREVER HE'S SEEN... WHEREVER HE APPEARS.. MEN *HUNT* HIM... AND *HOUND* HIM... AS THOUGH HE'S SOME SAVAGE, WILD BEAST OF PREY!

PERHAPS, IF HE WERE JUST GIVEN A *CHANCE*... IF EVEN *ONE* PERSON SHOWED SOME *FAITH*... SOME *TRUST* IN HIM...

..PERHAPS THINGS WOULD BE *DIFFERENT!*

THOSE TWO LARGE CHUNKS OF *FLINT ROCK* HE PICKED UP... WHAT'S HE GOING TO *DO*..?

STAY BACK! NEED FIRE! HULK MAKE FIRE!

RTOOM!

HE--HE *SMASHED* THEM TOGETHER... WITH SUCH INDESCRIBABLE *FORCE*... THAT THE *FRICTION ALONE* CAUSED THE WOOD PILE TO BURST INTO FLAME!

WITH STRENGTH SUCH AS *HIS*, IS THERE *ANYTHING* HE CAN'T DO?

GIRL *WAIT!* HULK COMES *BACK!*

EASIER TO SEE *FOOD* FROM HIGH UP *HERE!*

THOOM!

BUT, NO SOONER HAS THE GREEN-SKINNED BEHEMOTH TAKEN TO THE AIR, WHEN...

MEN *SHOOT* AT HULK!

PZEOWWW!

PWEEEEEEEEEEE!

KRAK!

SPARROW PATROL! SPARROW PATROL! MAYDAY! MAYDAY! HULK SIGHTED! HULK SIGHTED!

BRING UP *HEAVY STUFF*... ON THE *DOUBLE!*

BRRRAK!

KFOW!

BKOW!

BAM!

WHILE, BACK AT THE BASE, *MAJOR GLEN TALBOT*, IN CHARGE OF THE SMALL, BUT HEAVILY-ARMED UNIT ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE VITAL *ORION MISSILE*, GOES ABOUT HIS DUTIES WITH GLUM RESIGNATION...

EVERY AVAILABLE MAN IS OUT HUNTING FOR THE *HULK*... AND FOR *BETTY ROSS*... THE GIRL I *LOVE!*

..WHILE I'M STUCK *HERE*... ON ROUTINE GUARD DETAIL... PLAYING NURSEMAID TO THAT BLASTED *MISSILE!*

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME *WORD* ABOUT BETTY!

I'M A *SOLDIER*... SO I MUST OBEY ORDERS.. EVEN THOUGH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING YEARNS TO BE OUT THERE... SEARCHING FOR BETTY!

BUT, I'VE GOT TO PUT HER OUT OF MY MIND... SOMEHOW! MY MAIN JOB RIGHT NOW IS PROTECTING THE *MISSILE!*

AND THEN... LIKE A THUNDERCLAP... *BOOMERANG STRIKES..!*

MAJOR!! WHAT'S THAT?!!

A SPINNING *DISC*... HEADING FOR THE PROPELLANT FLUID!! *LOOK OUT!!*

DANGER

MISSILE PROPELLANT

CRASH!

IF IT BREAKS THAT TANK, IT'LL EXPLODE INTO...

TOO LATE!! IT *DID* IT!

UNHHH!! MY LEG..!

WHOOM!

YOU WERE HIT BY *SHRAPNEL!* I'LL SEND FOR THE *MEDIC*, SIR!

NEGATIVE! NEVER MIND *ME!* GET THAT *MISSILE* OUT OF HERE! ON THE DOUBLE... BEFORE SHE *BLOWS!!*

MOVE, MAN! OUR JOB IS TO GUARD THAT MISSILE... WITH OUR *LIVES* IF NECESSARY!

THUS, A FEW FRENZIED SECONDS LATER...

HE GAVE THE ONLY ORDER HE *COULD*... TO MOVE THE MISSILE!

TOO BAD HE DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT HE'S PLAYING RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF... *BOOMERANG!*

THANKS FOR THE *HELP*, SOLDIER BOYS! NOW THAT THE ORION ROCKET IS IN THE OPEN, *I'LL* TAKE OVER FROM HERE ON!

IT'S THE *BOOMERANG!!* HE'S GONNA TACKLE US *SINGLE-HANDED!*

BUT, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MAJOR TALBOT HAS TROUBLE ENOUGH WITHOUT *US* BARGING IN ON HIM, SO LET'S TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A HIGH-LEVEL CABINET MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THE *SECRET EMPIRE*...

BOOMERANG HAS *FAILED* US! HE MUST PAY THE MANDATORY *PENALTY*... SWIFTLY AND SURELY HE MUST BE PUT TO *DEATH!*

NO!! I PROTEST!!

WHAT?!! YOU DARE QUESTION *MY DECISION*, NUMBER NINE?

YES! EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVE REACHED THE RANK OF *NUMBER TWO*, I SAY YOU'RE *WRONG!*

BOOMERANG HAS HIS OWN STRANGE POWERS! WE CANNOT AFFORD TO *LOSE* SUCH AN ALLY! HE MAY *STILL* GET THE MISSILE FOR US!

SILENCE! EVER SINCE THE MURDER OF *NUMBER FIVE* LAST *WEEK* YOU'VE BEEN UNDER SUSPICION! NOW *THIS* IS THE LAST STRAW!

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT YOU'LL LET NOTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY TO RISE TO *NUMBER ONE* IN THE SECRET EMPIRE!

BUT, YOU'LL *NEVER* GET THE CHANCE! I ACCUSE YOU OF *HIGH TREASON*, BY THE POWER VESTED WITHIN THESE RITUALISTIC ROBES!

EVEN *NUMBER ONE* HIMSELF WILL BREATHE EASIER ONCE YOU HAVE BEEN...ELIMINATED!

BUT, BEFORE ANOTHER MOVE CAN BE MADE...

YOU COMPLACENT *FOOLS!* DID YOU THINK I'D BE *UNPREPARED* FOR SUCH AN EVENTUALITY?

HERE'S WHERE I SHORTEN MY CLIMB TO THE POSITION OF *NUMBER ONE* BY MEANS OF A SINGLE MOVE..!

BY THE TIME YOU'VE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS FROM THAT *STUN GRENADE*, THE SECRET EMPIRE WILL BE UNDER *MY* CONTROL, AS I'VE *PLANNED* IT TO BE ALL ALONG!

THOOM!

H!

IN THEIR BLIND CONFIDENCE, THEY NEVER THOUGHT TO WEAR PROTECTIVE *ARMOUR* BENEATH THEIR ROBES... AS *I* DID!

AND NOW... ONLY *NUMBER ONE* STANDS BETWEEN ME ...AND THE *GOAL* WHICH NOTHING MUST STOP ME FROM ATTAINING!

TIME ENOUGH TO RETURN TO *NUMBER NINE* AND HIS STRANGE SECRET *NEXT* ISH! IN THE MEANTIME, BETCHA THOUGHT WE FORGOT WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE *STAR* OF OUR SALUTORY LITTLE SAGA! WELL, WE *DIDN'T*... SEE..?

I'VE *GOT* YOU NOW, HULK! EVEN *YOU* CAN'T OVERCOME AN ENTIRE *TASK FORCE!*

WHERE'S MY *DAUGHTER?* I'M ORDERING YOU TO *RETURN* HER TO ME... OR WE'LL HIT YOU WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE *GOT!*

NOBODY ORDERS *HULK!*

LOOK OUT! HE'S NOT YIELDING! HE'S GETTING READY TO *CHARGE!!*

AND, CHARGE HE *DOES*... AS ONLY THE INCREDIBLE HULK *CAN*..!

SOLDIERS DON'T SCARE HULK! BULLETS CAN'T HURT HULK!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE *GENERAL!* LET 'IM *HAVE* IT!

THOOM!!

NO! HOLD YOUR FIRE! LET *ME* HANDLE HIM!

I'D STAND UP TO A *HUNDRED* LIKE YOU FOR THE SAKE OF MY DAUGHTER!

GRAACK!

KILLING ME WILL ONLY SEAL YOUR *OWN* FATE! I ORDER YOU TO *SURRENDER*... WHILE YOU *CAN!*

IF HE MAKES ANOTHER MOVE... *FIRE!*

HE'S JUST *STANDING* THERE NOW! DID THE GENERAL *GET* TO HIM, OR..?

WAIT! THE HULK ISN'T A *KILLER!* HE'S JUST *CONFUSED!* LET *ME* TALK TO HIM.. HE'LL LISTEN TO *ME!*

IT'S THE KID.. *RICK JONES!*

STAY BACK! NOBODY TRICKS HULK! *NOBODY* IS FRIEND!

LOOK OUT, BOY! YOU WON'T HAVE A *CHANCE!* YOU CAN'T REASON WITH *HIM!*

I *CAN!* HE *KNOWS* ME! HE'LL REMEMBER... HE'S *GOT* TO REMEMBER!!

IT'S *ME*, HULK...IT'S *RICK!*

YOU'RE NOT A KILLER, HULK! *BRUCE BANNER* ISN'T A KILLER! YOU'VE GOT TO *THINK*... TRY TO REMEMBER...

BRUCE BANNER! THAT NAME... ALWAYS IN MY BRAIN!! I *HATE* IT! *HATE* *BRUCE BANNER!!*

GOOD! HE'S TURNING AWAY FROM THE GENERAL..!

BANNER IS *WEAK!!* BANNER IS *AFRAID!!* HULK FEARS *NOTHING!* HULK CAN DO *ANYTHING!!*

KRRASH!

HE..HE HURLED THAT JEEP AGAINST THE HILLSIDE LIKE A *TOY!!*

LOOK! HE WHEELED AROUND... GRABBED THE GENERAL!

IT'S *HOPELESS!* WE'LL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIM! *FIRE!!* NEVER MIND ABOUT *ME*... THE HULK MUST BE *STOPPED!*

NO! YOU'LL RUIN EVERY-THING! YOU DON'T *UNDER-STAND!*

YOU WANTED YOUR DAUGHTER!! HE'S *TAKING* YOU TO HER! DON'T YOU *SEE??*

DON'T SHOOT! THE KID MAY BE *RIGHT!* WE'LL FOLLOW THEM FROM THE GROUND!

THEN, AFTER A DOZEN MIGHTY, SPACE-DEVOURING *LEAPS*...

IT'S THE *HULK!* HE'S RETURNING!! AND HE'S BRINGING *DAD*... AND *RICK JONES!*

THOOM!

OH, DAD... *DAD!* HE *DID* BRING YOU BACK TO ME... HE *DID!* I--I WAS AFRAID I'D NEVER SEE YOU ALIVE AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, MY DARLING! MY MEN WILL BE HERE WITHIN *MINUTES!!* HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HARM YOU *NOW!* THIS WILL BE THE *END* OF THE HULK!

NO, DAD... YOU'RE *WRONG!* IT ISN'T *HE* WHO'S THE MENACE! THE HULK *SAVED* ME.. FROM THAT HORRIBLE *BOOMERANG!*

SAVED YOU? YOU MEAN... YOU WEREN'T *FRIGHTENED* OF THAT GREEN-SKINNED MONSTER?

NO! I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT RICK IS *RIGHT!* THE HULK IS REALLY *BRUCE BANNER*... HE'S THE MAN I *LOVE!*

COME BACK! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! HE *CAN'T* BE BANNER! LOOK AT HIM... JUST *LOOK* AT HIM!

BUT, SOMETHING *HAPPENED*... TO CHANGE HIM! I CAN'T DESERT HIM NOW! NOT WHEN HE *NEEDS* ME!

BUT THEN, HIS BESTIAL BRAIN CONFUSED BY ALL THE TALK AND STRANGE COMMOTION, THE *HULK* CRIES OUT...

HULK NEEDS *NOBODY!!* HULK CAN DO *ANYTHING!*

LOOK OUT! THERE'S NO TELLING *WHAT* HE'LL DO!

HE'S GETTING READY TO *LEAP..!*

HULK.. WAIT! DON'T GO OFF *WITHOUT* ME AGAIN! I WANNA *HELP* YOU!!

NO USE! HE'S TOO *ANGRY*... MOVING TOO *FAST!* HE DOESN'T EVEN *HEAR* ME!

THOOM!

THE STRONGEST... MOST *DANGEROUS* BEING ON EARTH... BUT MY DAUGHTER TELLS ME HE *RESCUED* HER... TELLS ME SHE *LOVES* HIM..!

AND YET.. SOMEHOW.. I FIND MYSELF BEGINNING TO *UNDERSTAND..*

COME, MY DEAR! I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE BASE!..

AND *YOU* TOO, JONES! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF *TALKING* TO DO!

YES, SIR! BUT, WHAT ABOUT... *HIM?* HOW DO WE *REACH* HIM AGAIN? AND... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE *DO??*

BUT, FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER TO RICK JONES' ANGUISHED QUERY, WE MUST WAIT TILL NEXT ISSUE, AS WE SLOWLY TAKE OUR LEAVE OF A SOLITARY, BROODING FIGURE WHO SITS ALONE WITH HIS DARK AND OMINOUS THOUGHTS WHILE THE SHADES OF NIGHT ENVELOP HIM...

NEXT ISH:
THE HULK RUNS AMOK IN THE CITY!

DAREDEVIL IS COMING!

AND NEXT WEEK HE FACES...

"The EVIL MENACE of ELECTRO!"

IN SMASH!

WHAT CHANCE DOES A BLIND MAN HAVE OF DEFEATING ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS ARCH-VILLAINS OF ALL TIME? MORE CHANCE THAN YOU THINK ... IF HIS NAME HAPPENS TO BE...

DAREDEVIL!!

YES, WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN! PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF *NEXT WEEK* WHEN **DAREDEVIL**, THE LATEST RECRUIT TO THE POWER-PACK OF SUPER HEROES, IS STARRED IN A MOVIE-LENGTH CHAPTER OF HIS BATTLE WITH **ELECTRO**. WHO IS **ELECTRO**? YOU'LL FIND OUT — IN

SMASH! *NEXT WEEK!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

GOSH! IT'S HOT! — I COULDN'T HALF GO SOMETHING TO DRINK!

LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON TELLY ... GOSH! — A SHIP'S BEING LAUNCHED WITH CHAMPAGNE!

SNATCH!

EEK!

OH, BOY! — I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT CHAMPAGNE TASTES LIKE —

OH, NO! THEY'VE SENT A SAILOR OUT AFTER ME TO GET IT BACK!

COME BACK WITH OUR BUBBLY — WE CAN'T LAUNCH THE SHIP WITHOUT IT!

NEVER MIND ABOUT YOUR MOULDY SHIP — I'LL *DIE* OF THIRST WITHOUT IT!

COO! THIS COULD SAVE THE DAY FOR ME!

JUNK SHOP

AAGH! CHARLIE'S DROPPED A CLANGER!

CLANG!

TOSS!

CLANG!

HERE'S A BELL FOR YOUR BELL-BOTTOMS!

ZOOM!

ERK! — SO THAT'S WHAT A SAILOR'S HORN-PIPE LOOKS LIKE — HE'S DANCED OUT OF TROUBLE!

BAH! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME-THING ELSE!

TAR CO.

HOW ABOUT THIS — SOME TAR FOR JACK TAR —!

ARG! WHAT'S HE DONE NOW?

HO! HO! IT'S A 'STICK-UP', JACK — SAY 'TAR'!

OH, NO! HE'S ESCAPED AGAIN!

HEH! HEH! I'LL CHANGE MY TACTICS! THESE WILL PLAY HAVOC WITH HIS TOOTSIES!

EEAGH!

I'LL GET SOME PEACE TO DRINK MY CHAMPAGNE NOW HE'S GOT THE POINT!

COO!—THE CORK'S TIGHT —BUT I-IT'S —

-GONE!

ALL THAT RUNNING SHOOK IT UP TOO MUCH!

WHOOSH!

HMM— I WON'T SAIL MY BOAT TODAY. THE CURRENT IS TOO STRONG!

?

WHOOSH!

EEK! MY BOAT'S BEING CARRIED AWAY!

???

GURR! GIVE ME THAT!

SNATCH!

NOW GET IN THERE AFTER MY BOAT OR I'LL BASH YOU WITH IT!

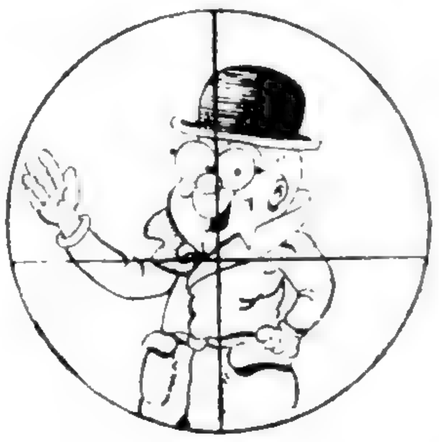
ER-Y-YES, TOMMY— GULP!

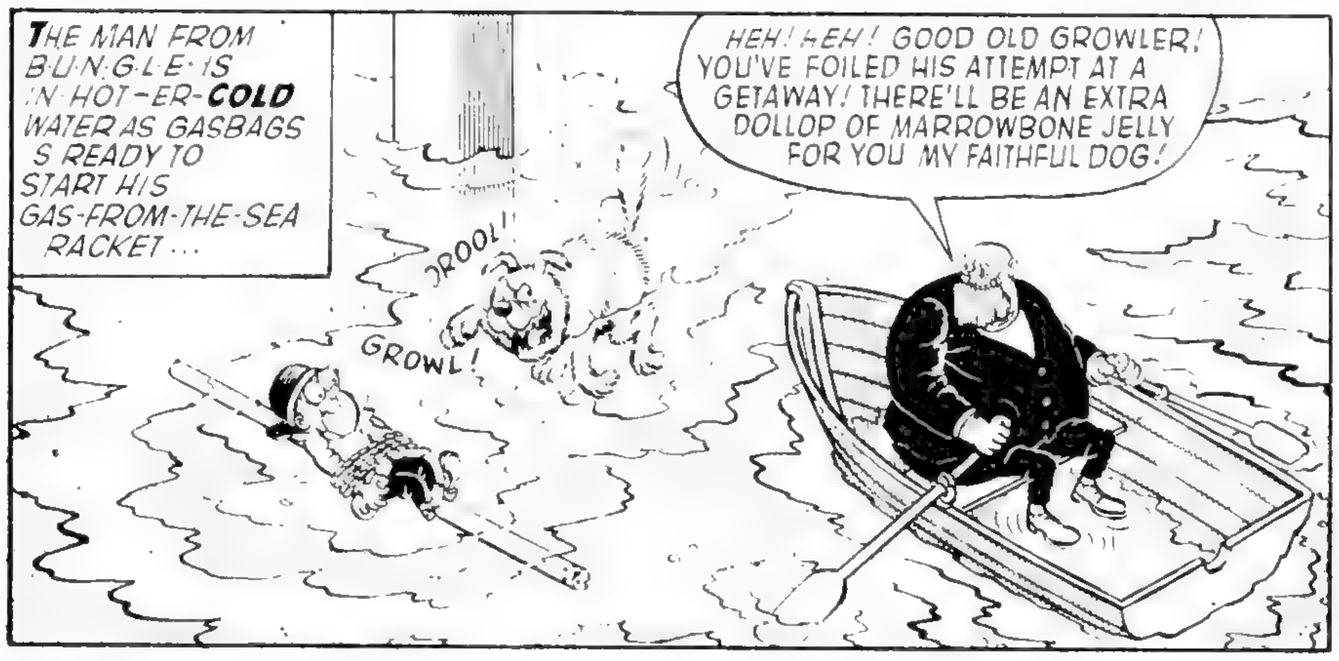
HO! HO! SERVES HIM RIGHT! THAT BOTTLE DIDN'T LAUNCH A SHIP, BUT IT LAUNCHED CHARLIE!

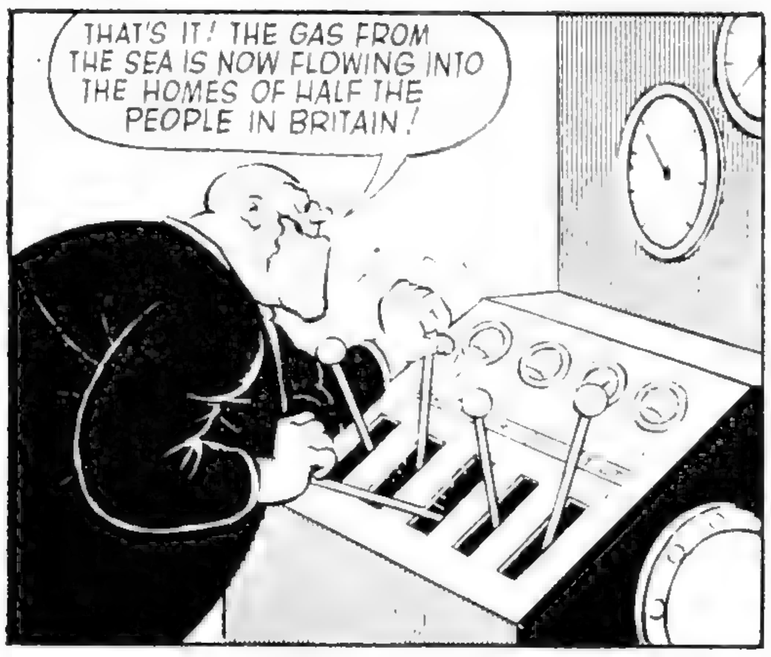
SPLASH!

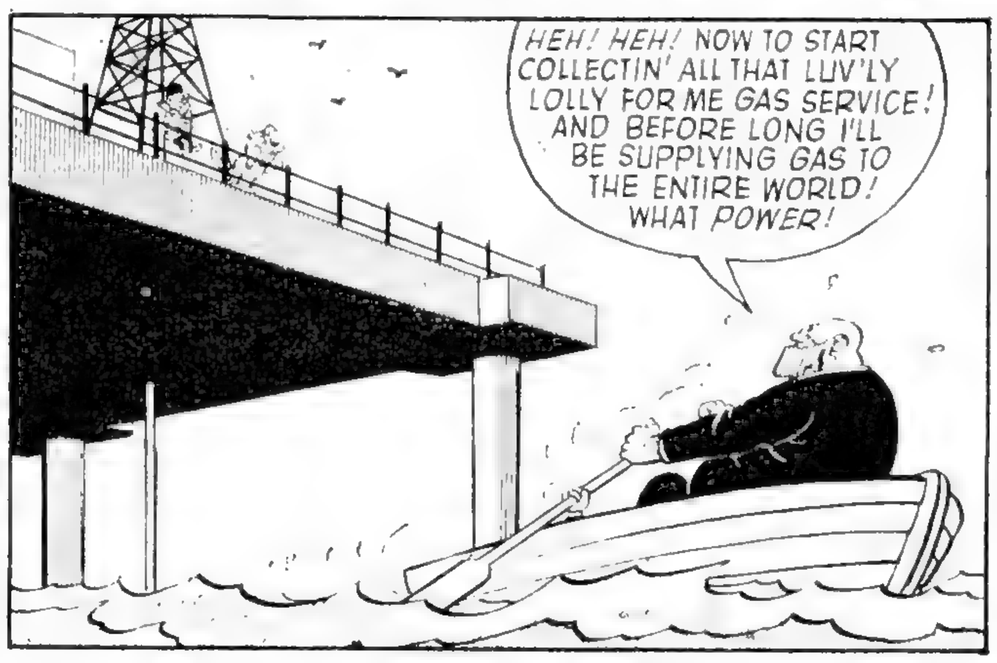
BAH! SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL THIRSTY ANY MORE!

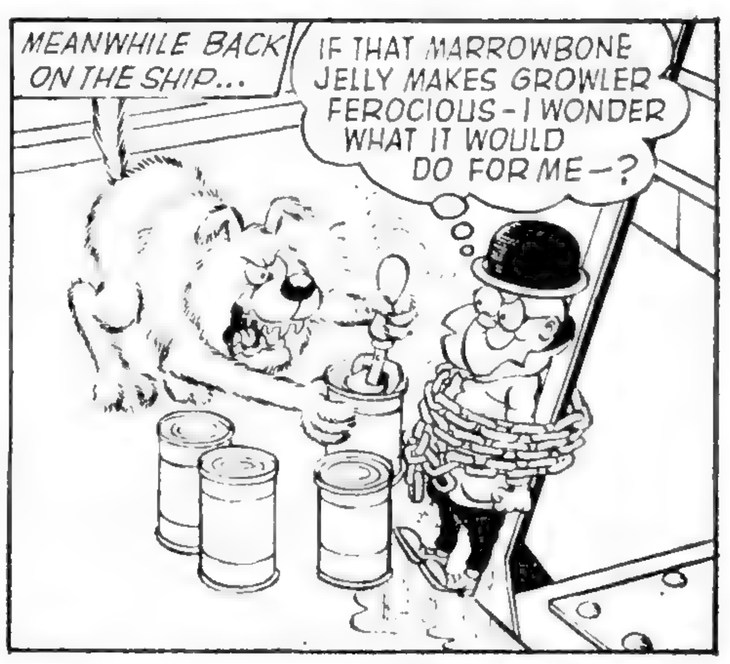
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

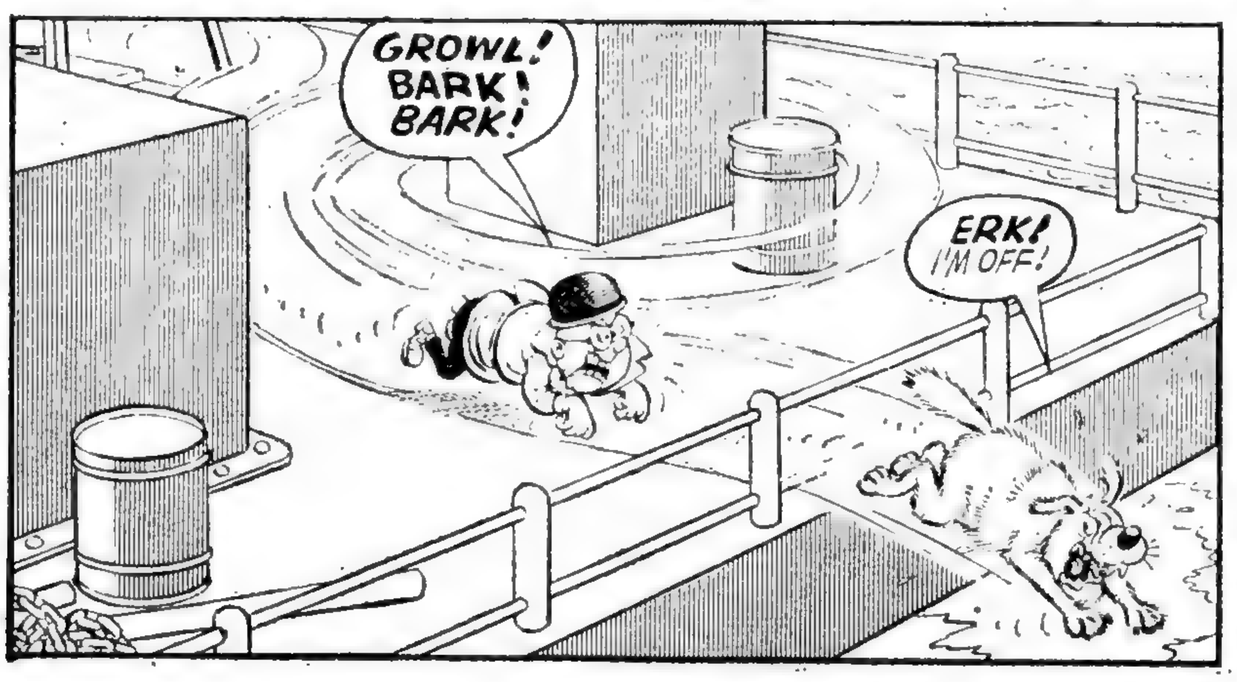


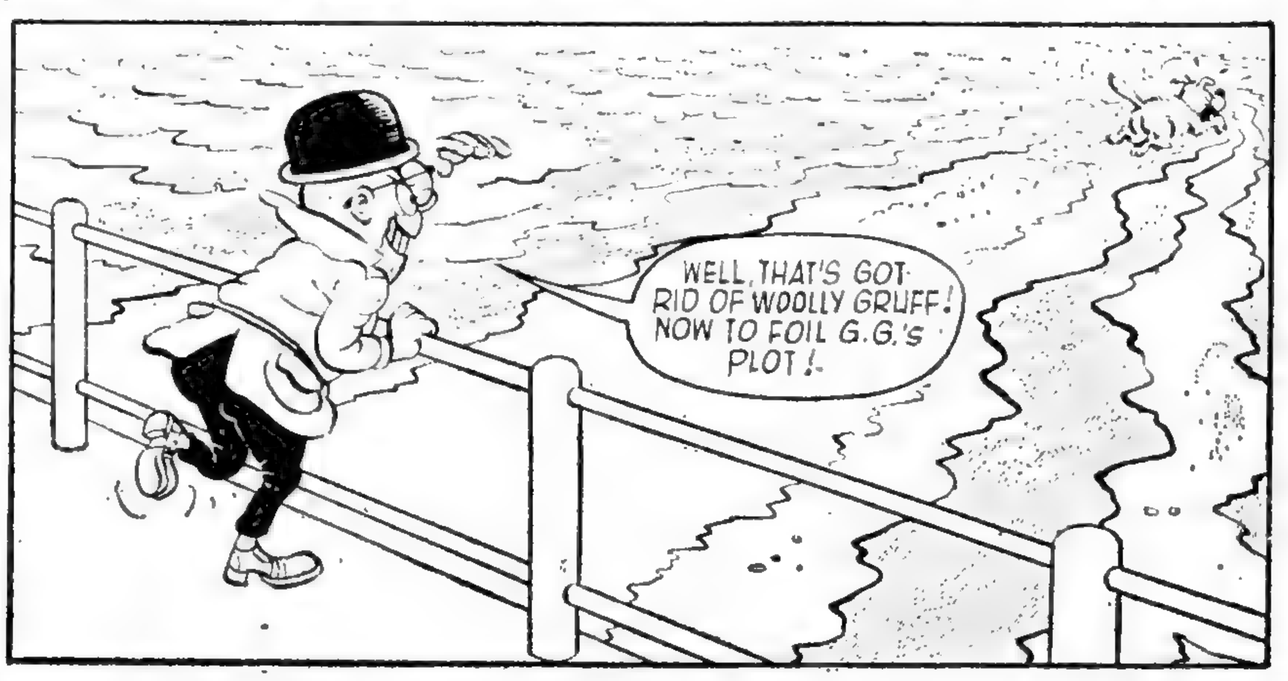

THE MAN FROM B·U·N·G·L·E· IS IN HOT-ER-COLD WATER AS GASBAGS S READY TO START HIS GAS-FROM-THE-SEA RACKET ...
HEH! HEH! GOOD OLD GROWLER! YOU'VE FOILED HIS ATTEMPT AT A GETAWAY! THERE'LL BE AN EXTRA DOLLOP OF MARROWBONE JELLY FOR YOU MY FAITHFUL DOG!
GROWL!
GROWL!




HEH! HEH! NOW TO START COLLECTIN' ALL THAT LUV'LY LOLLY FOR ME GAS SERVICE! AND BEFORE LONG I'LL BE SUPPLYING GAS TO THE ENTIRE WORLD! WHAT POWER!







AHA! JUST WHAT I NEED!

SPLOSH!

HERE'S WHERE G.G. GOES FOR THE HIGH-DIVE!

FIRST, TO CHANGE OVER THE PIPELINES AND DIVERT THE GAS AWAY FROM THE USUAL CHANNELS!

AND BACK ON LAND, SOME CURIOUS THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN PEOPLE'S HOMES...

SPLASH!

SQUIRT!

ERK!

SPLOSH!

AAGH! THAT'S COLD!

HELP!

THAT MOMENT...

I'LL DELIVER MY GAS BILLS PERSONALLY—SO I GET MY MONEY QUICKER!

SO YOU WANT TO BE PAID FOR YOUR GAS-FROM-THE-SEA SERVICE, DO YOU?

WE'LL GIVE HIM, GAS-FROM-THE-SEA! RUINING OUR HOMES!

NORTH SEA GAS STORAGE PLANT

HE-LP! WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG?

COO! SEEMS GHASTLY'S PLAN'S A WASHOUT!

GOSH! AND THERE ARE ANOTHER COUPLE OF MILLION HOMES I'VE GOT TO CLEAR UP YET!

AT B.U.N.G.L.E. HEADQUARTERS...

WELL DONE, LARRY! HAVE A NICE CUPPA! YOU DESERVE IT! I'LL GO AND PUT THE ELECTRIC KETTLE ON!

SECRET PHONE

GOOD THING IT'S ELECTRIC... I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF GAS FOR THE TIME BEING! AND SO'S GASBAGS, I BET...!

NEXT WEEK: BUNGLE TAKES A PLANE TO SPAIN!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO SEEK THE CROWN OF THE KEBI...

I FEEL AS THOUGH WE'VE BEEN CLIMBING THESE ROPES FOR A LIFETIME, ROLLO! MY ARMS CAN BARELY HOLD ME!

DON'T GIVE UP, DANNY! REMEMBER—IF YOU FALL, THE PIT OF PERIL MEANS INSTANT DEATH!

IT SEEMS TO THE TWO WEARY LEGEND TESTERS THAT THE TWIN ROPES GO UPWARDS WITHOUT END! BUT AT LAST ROLLO'S STRAINING EYES ARE REWARDED!..

LOOK, DANNY! THERE'S A TUNNEL LEADING OFF FROM THIS SHAFT WE'RE CLIMBING!

TRY TO SWING YOURSELF TOWARDS IT!

PHEW! MADE IT!

CAUTIOUSLY THEY MAKE THEIR WAY ALONG THE EVER-WIDENING TUNNEL...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS—BUT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN CLIMBING THOSE ROPES!

DANNY—DO YOU NOTICE HOW **LIGHT** IT'S GETTING? AND HOW **WARM** THE AIR HAS BECOME! ALMOST AS THOUGH THERE'S SOME SORT OF FIRE AHEAD OF US!

AND NOW, WITH EACH STEP THEY TAKE, THE HEAT GROWS MORE INTENSE UNTIL AT LAST THEY CAN GO NO FURTHER!

THERE'S A GREAT HOLE STRETCHING RIGHT ACROSS THE TUNNEL! AND LOOK AT THE FLAMES LEAPING FROM IT!

IT'S THE ESCAPE VENT OF A HIDDEN VOLCANO!

WITH THAT IN FRONT OF US AND THE PIT OF PERIL BEHIND US—WE'RE TRAPPED!

DESPERATELY ROLLO'S EYES SEARCH THE ROCKY WALLS...

THAT WHEEL! THAT'S BEEN PUT THERE BY INTELLIGENT CREATURES! BUT FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

AND DANNY SEIZES THE RUSTY WHEEL AND STRAINS TO TURN IT!

IT—IT'S SO *STIFF!* BUT IT'S MOVING!

IT'S A *CONTROL* WHEEL, DANNY! TWO SECTIONS OF THE TUNNEL WALL ARE CLOSING TO COVER THE VENT!

KEEP TURNING!

SLOWLY THE TWO GREAT SECTIONS OF ROCK HINGE DOWNWARDS UNTIL THE VAST HOLE IN THE TUNNEL FLOOR IS COMPLETELY COVERED!

QUICKLY, DANNY! LET'S CROSS—BEFORE IT BECOMES TOO HOT TO WALK UPON!

IN SECONDS THEY ARE ON THE FAR SIDE.

THERE'S ONLY ONE SNAG! THERE'S NOBODY TO OPEN UP THE HOLE AGAIN! AND UNLESS THERE'S ANOTHER VENT SOMEWHERE *WE'VE BOTTLED UP THE VOLCANO!*

BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! COME ON, ROLLO! LET'S GO FURTHER ALONG THE TUNNEL, AWAY FROM THIS STIFLING HEAT!

SLOWLY THE AIR GROWS COOLER AS THEY EXPLORE THE TUNNEL...

THERE'S A DOOR HERE— AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT HASN'T BEEN USED FOR **CENTURIES!**

TRY OPENING IT, ROLLO! WHATEVER'S ON THE OTHER SIDE CAN'T BE WORSE THAN WE'VE EXPERIENCED ALREADY!

THEIR COMBINED STRENGH IS NEEDED TO FORCE THE ANCIENT DOOR OPEN...

MARBLE PASSAGES! THIS LOOKS MORE PROMISING!

DANNY— I HAVE A HUNCH WE ARE NOW BELOW WALU'S PALACE!

ROLLO IS RIGHT! AND EVEN AT THAT VERY MOMENT TWO OF WALU'S GUARDS ARE WATCHING THEM!

THE LEGEND TESTERS ARE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!

IN THE ROYAL CHAMBER OF THE ORNATE PALACE, WALU, THE EVIL WITCH DOCTOR, IS GLOATING OVER THE VERY OBJECT WHICH DANNY AND ROLLO ARE SEEKING!

THE CROWN OF THE KEBI! LEGEND HAS IT THAT WHOSO-EVER POSSESSES THIS CROWN SHALL RULE THE PEOPLE OF KEBI!

THE FOOLS THINK THAT THE CROWN IS **LOST!** NO-ONE SUSPECTS THAT *I* HAVE IT! *AND FOR AS LONG AS IT IS MINE I SHALL* ***RULE!***

A VIOLENT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S MUSINGS!

WALU! WE MUST SPEAK TO YOU!

ONE MOMENT!

FIRST I MUST HIDE THE CROWN, SO THAT NONE MAY SEE IT!

AND WITH THE CROWN SAFELY CONCEALED FROM SIGHT, WALU OPENS THE DOOR...

O, MIGHTY WALU! WE FOUND THEM—HERE IN THE PALACE!

WHAT IS THIS? THESE ARE THE TWO STRANGERS I THOUGHT TO BE DEAD BY NOW!

EVERY MOMENT THESE TWO MEN LIVE THEY ARE A THREAT TO ME!

KILL THEM! LET ME *SEE* THEM DIE—*NOW!*

AND AT WALU'S COMMAND TWO OF THE GUARDS RAISE THEIR SPEARS TO PLUNGE THEM INTO ROLLO'S AND DANNY'S HEARTS. . .

ROLLO THIS IS IT— THEY REALLY MEAN IT!

BUT BEFORE THE FATAL THRUSTS CAN BE MADE THE ENTIRE PALACE SHUDDERS TO ITS VERY FOUNDATIONS!

WH-WHAT IS HAPPENING?

THE FLOOR SHIFTS BENEATH THEIR FEET. . .THE WALLS CRACK AND FALL. . . AND A SHATTERED SLAB OF MARBLE BRINGS AN END TO WALU'S LIFE OF EVIL!

I THINK I CAN GUESS WHAT IS HAPPENING! THE VOLCANO WE BOTTLED UP HAS *ERUPTED!* THE ENTIRE PALACE IS BEING DESTROYED!

AMIDST THE DUST AND WRECKAGE, ROLLO REACHES FOR A SHINING OBJECT. . .

LOOK, DANNY! IT'S THE OBJECT WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR! *THE CROWN OF THE KEBI!* IT WAS HIDDEN HERE IN THIS ROOM!

BUT IT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD NOW, ROLLO! THE ROOF IS COLLAPSING! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

EVEN AS DANNY GIVES HIS AGONISED CRY THE SCENE AROUND THEM DIMS AND GROWS MISTY!

YOU'RE- WRONG, DANNY! NOW THAT OUR MISSION HAS BEEN COMPLETED, THE FORCE THAT BROUGHT US HERE IS TAKING US *FROM* THIS PLACE. . . *TRANSPORTING US TO OUR OWN CENTURY!*

THE NOISE OF THE DYING PALACE FADES INTO SILENCE AS THEY RACE THROUGH THE CENTURIES AT A SPEED FAR BEYOND THE ***COMPREHENSION*** *OF MERE MORTAL MINDS.*

1500 A.D. 1700 A.D. 2000 A.D.

AND THAT FANTASTIC JOURNEY THROUGH THE YEARS DOES NOT END UNTIL THEY REACH THEIR OWN TIME!

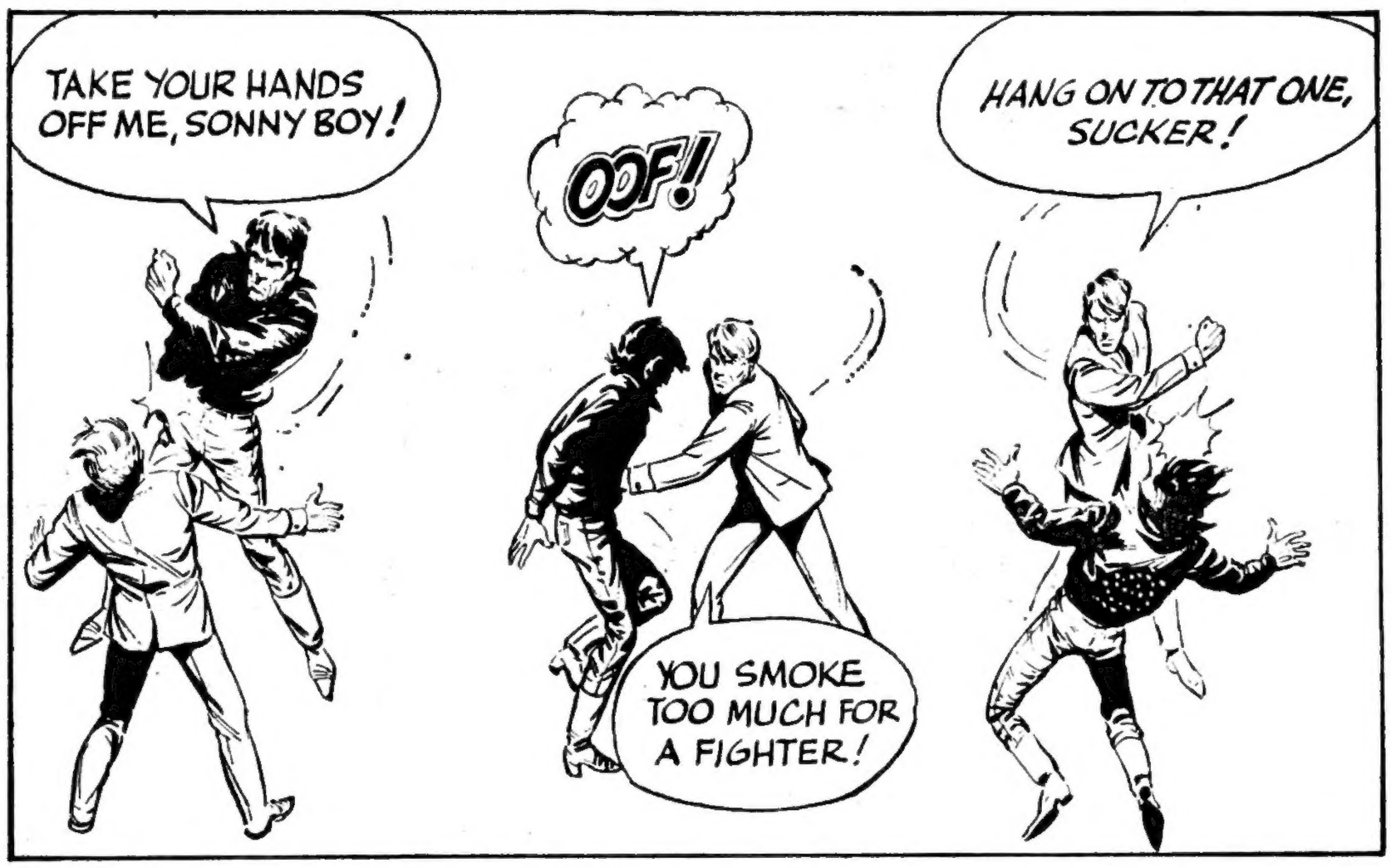
WE'RE BACK! BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM—THE FORTIETH CENTURY CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE MUSEUM!

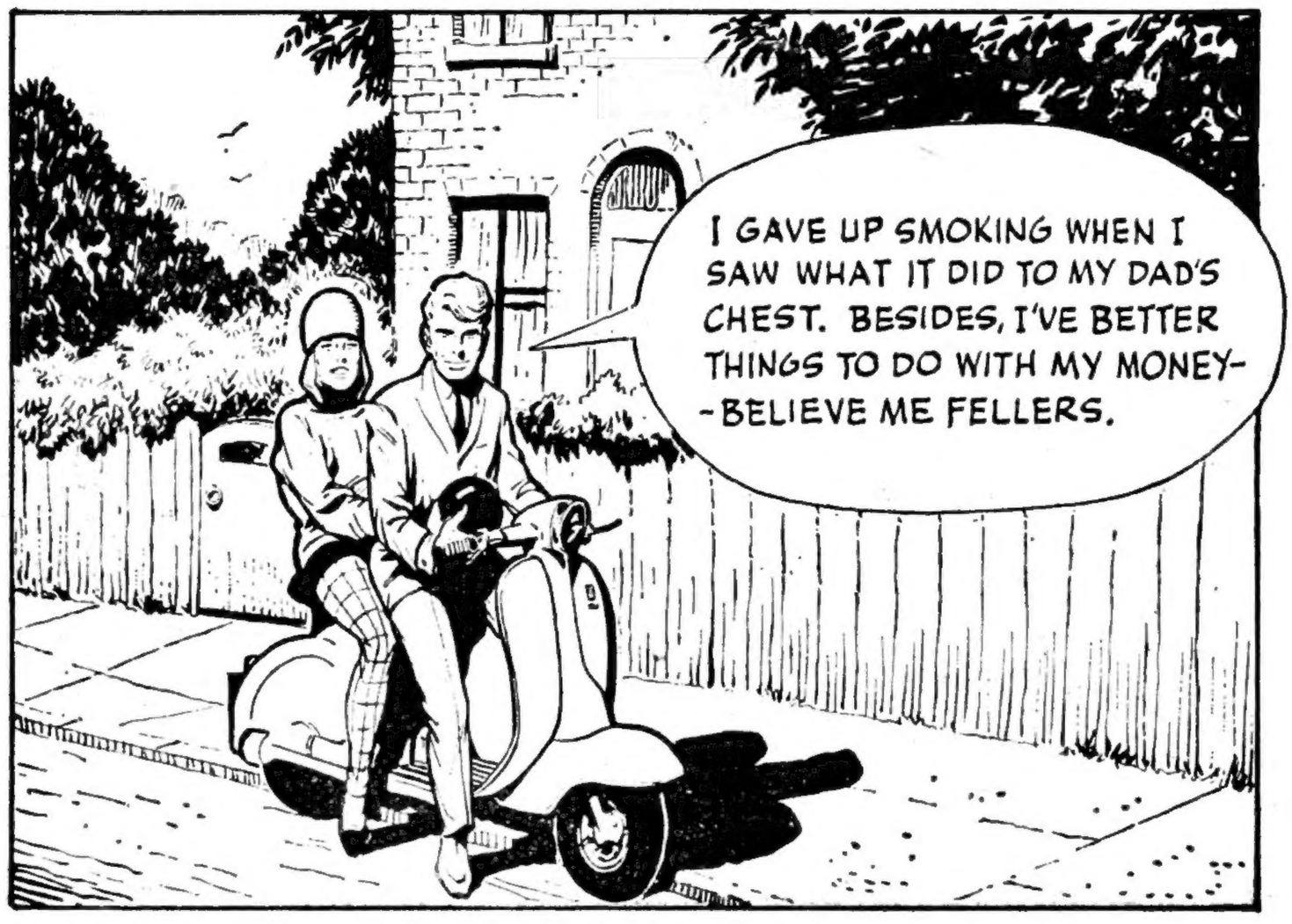
AND I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE PLEASED TO SEE IT!

SO ENDS ANOTHER INCREDIBLE EPISODE IN THE ACTION-FILLED LIVES OF ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS!

SOON THEY WILL BE OFF AGAIN, DELVING INTO LONG-KEPT SECRETS OF THE EARTHS PAST. . . TESTING A LEGEND IN SOME STRANGE CORNER OF THE WORLD IN SOME UNKNOWN TIME! BUT WHEN THAT TIME WILL BE, WHERE THAT PLACE WILL BE, NO-ONE CAN FORETELL! NO-ONE— ***NOT EVEN THE LEGEND TESTERS!***

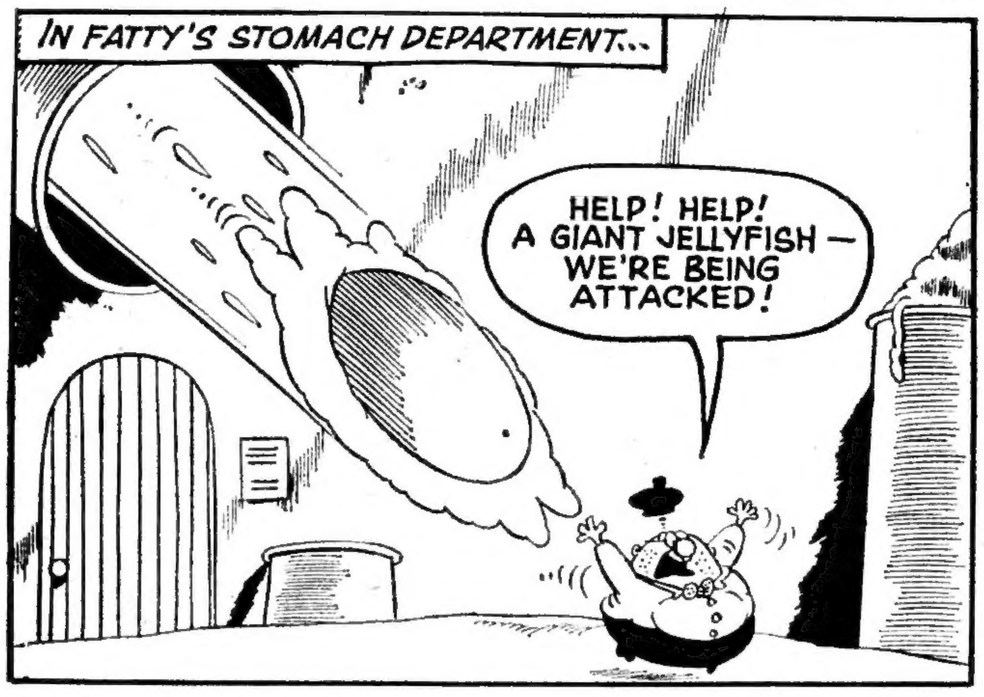
A shock for Bully Brown

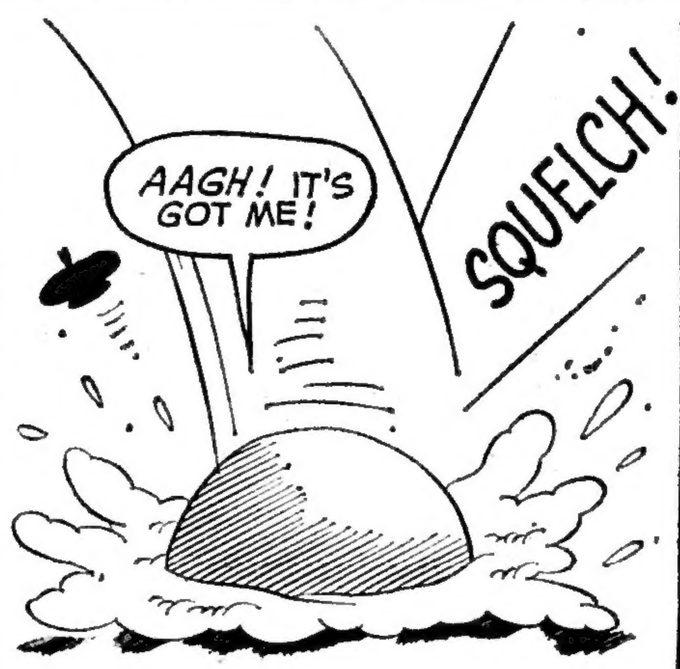


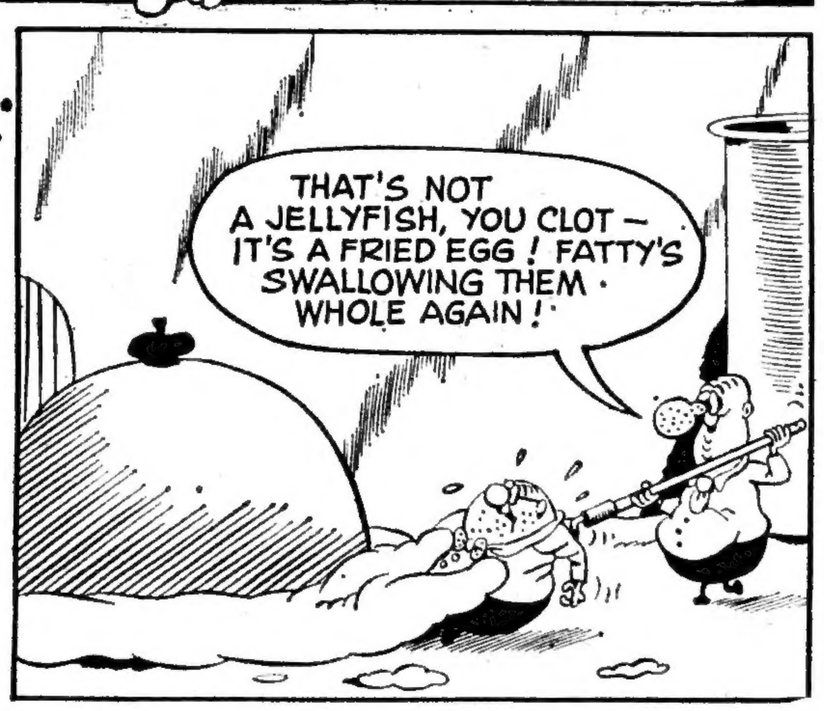


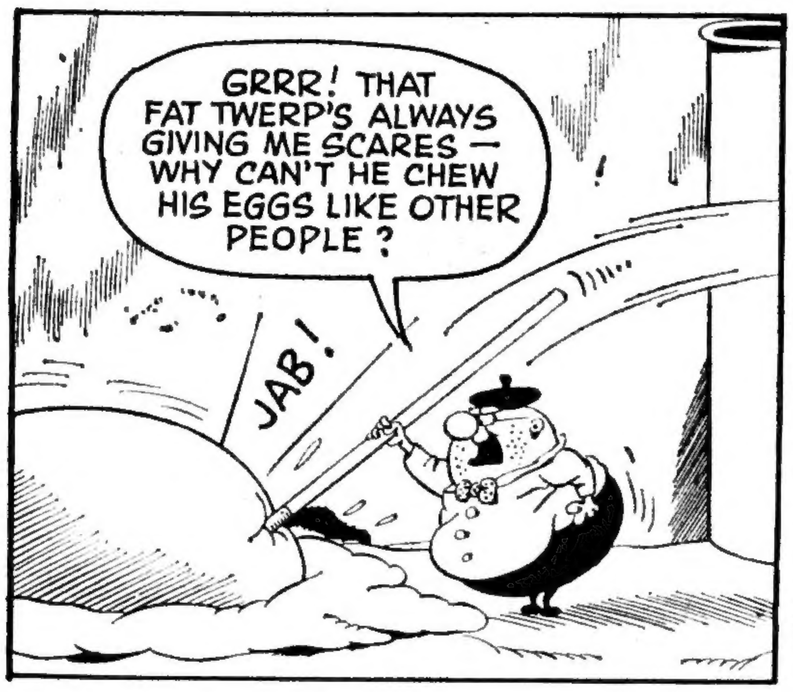
Cigarettes harm your health

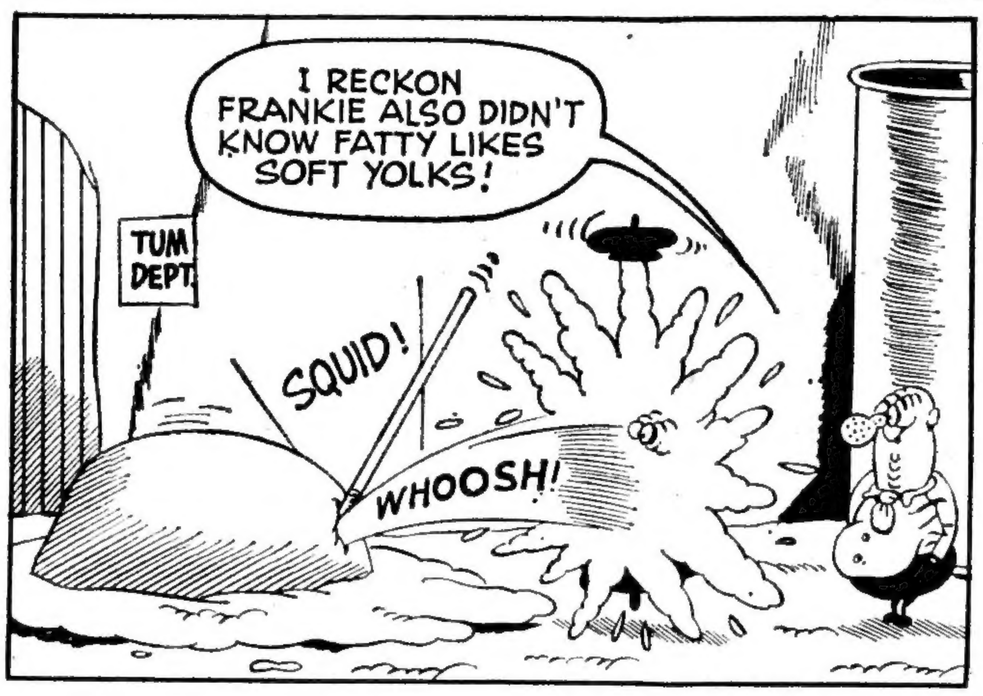
THE NERVS


IN FATTY'S STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
HELP! HELP! A GIANT JELLYFISH — WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

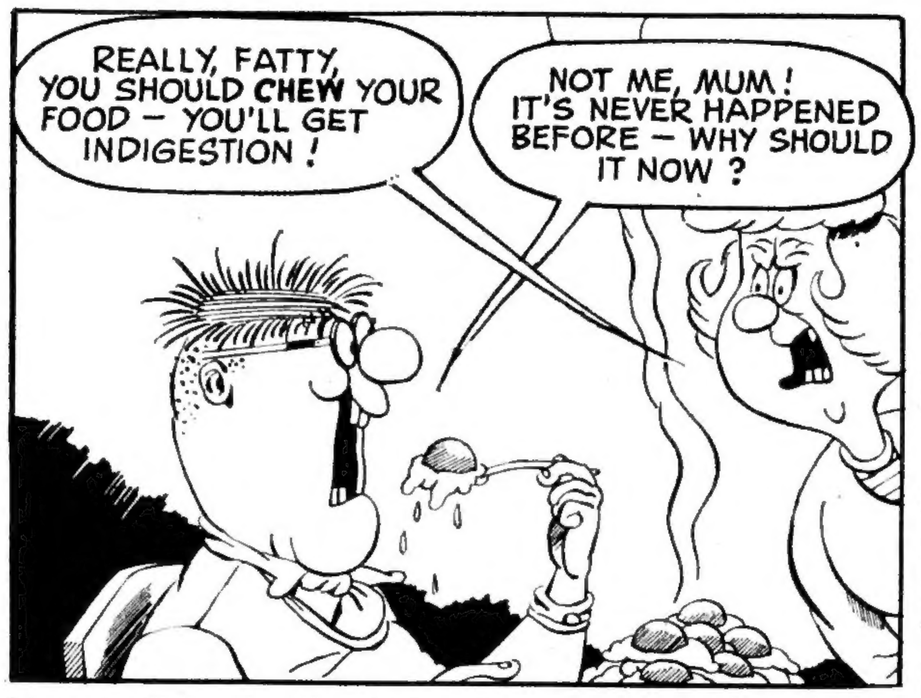

AAGH! IT'S GOT ME!
SQUELCH!


THAT'S NOT A JELLYFISH, YOU CLOT — IT'S A FRIED EGG! FATTY'S SWALLOWING THEM WHOLE AGAIN!

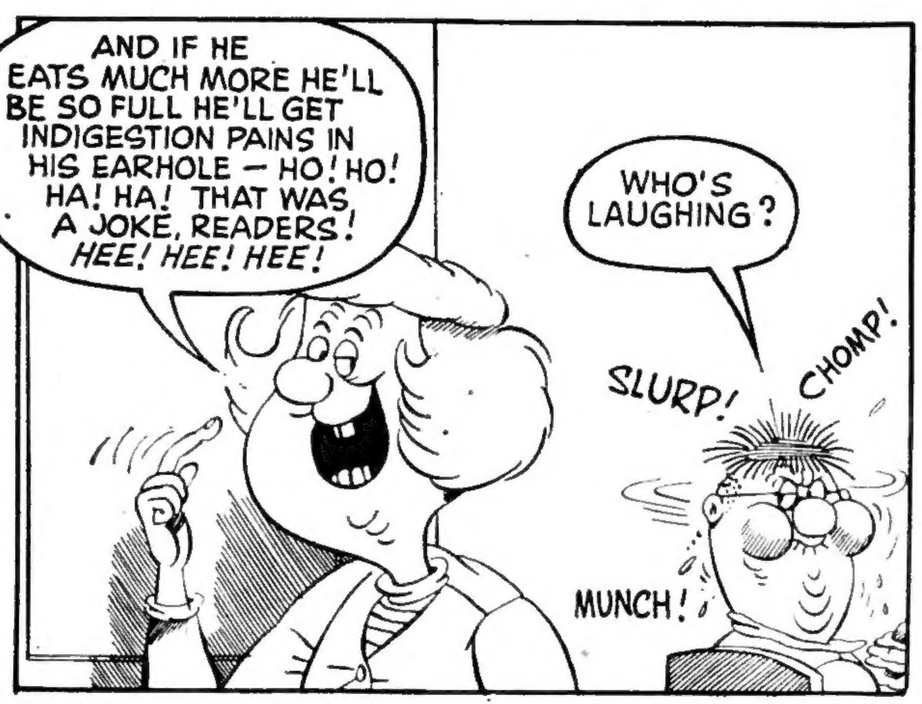

GRRR! THAT FAT TWERP'S ALWAYS GIVING ME SCARES — WHY CAN'T HE CHEW HIS EGGS LIKE OTHER PEOPLE?
JAB!

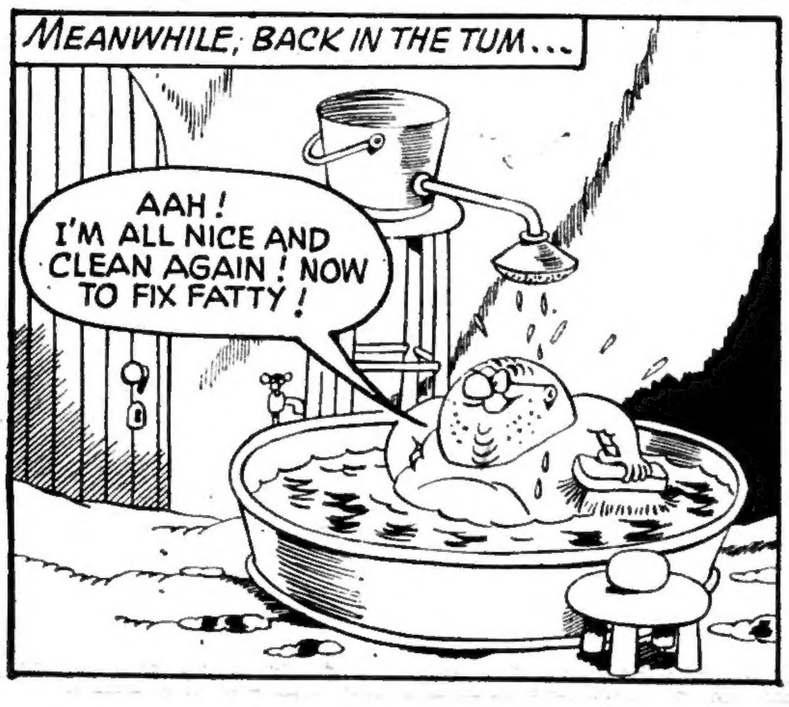

I RECKON FRANKIE ALSO DIDN'T KNOW FATTY LIKES SOFT YOLKS!
TUM DEPT.
SQUID!
WHOOSH!

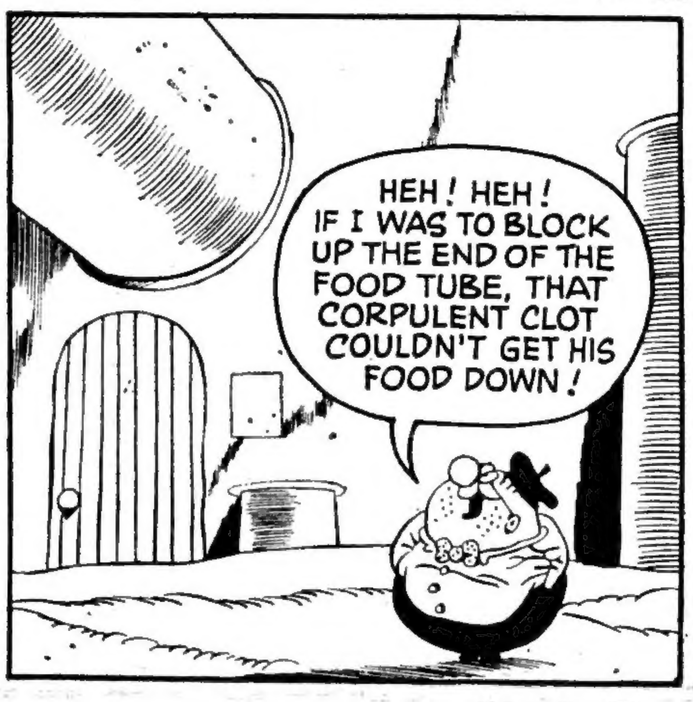
GRRR! I'LL MAKE THE FAT TWERP PAY FOR THIS — I DON'T LIKE FOLKS PLAYING YOLKS ON ME!

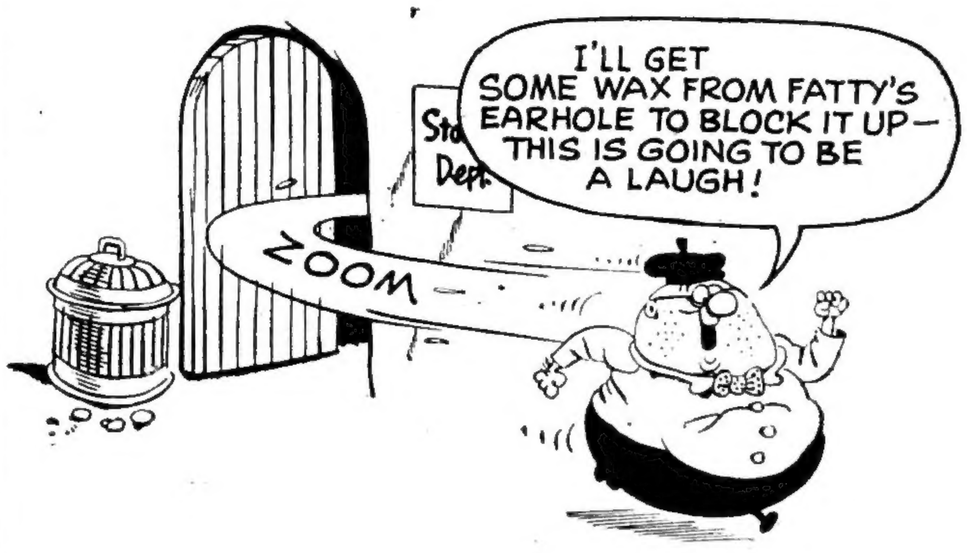

REALLY, FATTY, YOU SHOULD CHEW YOUR FOOD — YOU'LL GET INDIGESTION!
NOT ME, MUM! IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE — WHY SHOULD IT NOW?

THERE'S ALWAYS GOT TO BE A FIRST TIME, HASN'T THERE?


AND IF HE EATS MUCH MORE HE'LL BE SO FULL HE'LL GET INDIGESTION PAINS IN HIS EARHOLE — HO! HO! HA! HA! THAT WAS A JOKE, READERS! HEE! HEE! HEE!
WHO'S LAUGHING?
SLURP!
CHOMP!
MUNCH!


MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE TUM...
AAH! I'M ALL NICE AND CLEAN AGAIN! NOW TO FIX FATTY!


HEH! HEH! IF I WAS TO BLOCK UP THE END OF THE FOOD TUBE, THAT CORPULENT CLOT COULDN'T GET HIS FOOD DOWN!


I'LL GET SOME WAX FROM FATTY'S EARHOLE TO BLOCK IT UP — THIS IS GOING TO BE A LAUGH!
ZOOM

AT THE EAR DEPARTMENT...

COO! WHAT'S MADAM TOOSO DOING WITH THE WAX?

EAR 'OLE

TWO TICKS LATER...

NO, YOU CAN'T GET ANY WAX, MATE! I NEED IT ALL – I'M STARTING UP A WAX-WORKS!

AIEE!

EAR DEPARTMENT

KICK

EA 'OL

GRR! THE GREEDY THING – SHE'S GOT PLENTY! SHE WOULDN'T MISS ONE LUMP!

EAR DEPARTMENT

EAR 'OLE

HALLO! NOW WHAT'S FRANKIE UP TO..?

MIND IF I BORROW YOUR AXE FOR A MINUTE, WOODY?

NOT AT ALL, FRANKIE! I COULD DO WITH A BREAK!

RIB 3

MAIN ARTERIAL

JACK

SHOE TREE

HEH! HEH! I'D LIKE TO SEE MADAM TOOSO STOP ME NOW – I'LL CHOP MYSELF A LUMP OF WAX AND MAKE A DASH FOR IT!

EAR'OLE

AAGH! SHE'S GOT A BLINKING GREAT BODYGUARD! I'M DONE FOR!

SCREECH OF BRAKES

HO! HO! WHAT A TWIT – THAT'S ONE OF MY WAXWORKS!

BLOOH!

CLUB FOOT

CRUNCH

HEH! HEH! YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL WHILE YOU'RE HERE! THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CLOBBERED AGAIN! HEE! HEE!

EAR DEPARTMENT

A MINUTE LATER...

AIEE! OOH! OOH! MY EAR! MY EARHOLE!

???

HO! HO! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! IT'S HAPPENED! HE'S GOT INDIGESTION IN HIS EARHOLE! HA! HA! HA! HA!

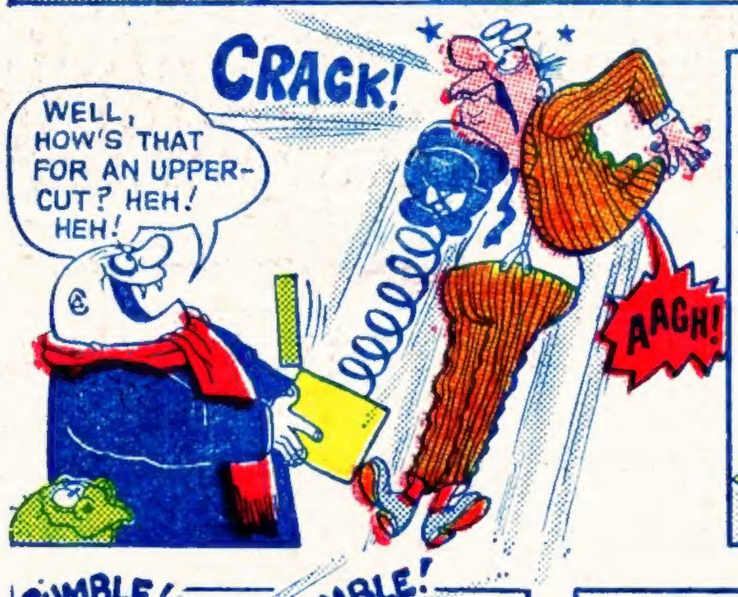
STAB STAB

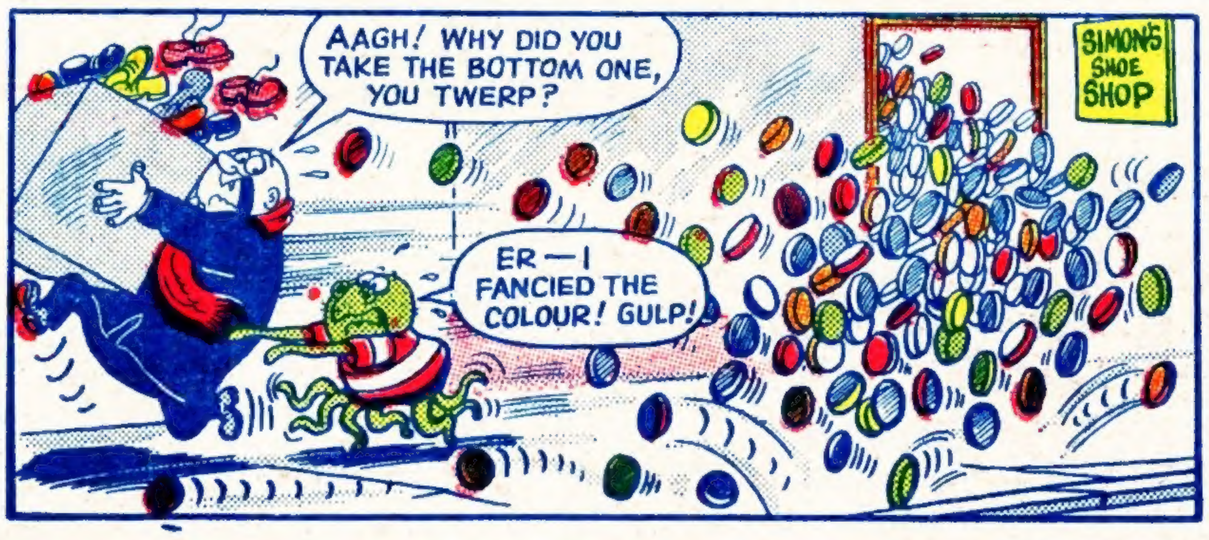
AND NO WONDER...

BAH! ROTTEN OL' MADAM TOOSO – SHE'S MAKING ME HANG UP ALL HER PICTURES!

NEVER MIND, FRANKIE, YOU'VE DONE IT – YOU'VE STOPPED FATTY GULPING HIS FOOD – AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING!

GRIMLY FEENDISH





LESLIE CROWTHER SAYS:

SUCK IT AND SEE— IT'S MAGIC!

New Mighty Magic

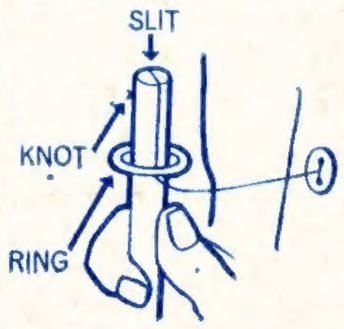
Wall's

MIZ

NOW BANANA OUTSIDE— NEW TOFFEE INSIDE!

First, lots of smooth banana-flavoured ice cream. Mmmm-marvellous! Then, a gorgeous great chunk of chewy toffee to make it last *so much longer!*
AND A TERRIFIC MAGIC TRICK ON EVERY PACK!

THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER TRICKS TO LEARN— TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR FRIENDS



MAGIC FLOATING RING
1. First, make a small slit across the base of a pencil. **2.** Then attach the finest thread you can find to the slit in the pencil. Attach the other end to a button on your jacket. **3.** Now drop a curtain ring (or any other small ring) over the top of pencil as shown. **4.** By moving the pencil backwards and forwards the ring will rise and fall at your command!